

SPY

Bonus
**10-Magazine
Parody
Pack**

August 1991 Volume 5 Number 9

Hot Summer Number

**Our
Completely Gratuitous
Swimsuit Issue**

The Free-fallin' Bob Dylan

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY JOE QUEENAN

**The President Who
Couldn't Say No**

BY PHILIP WEISS

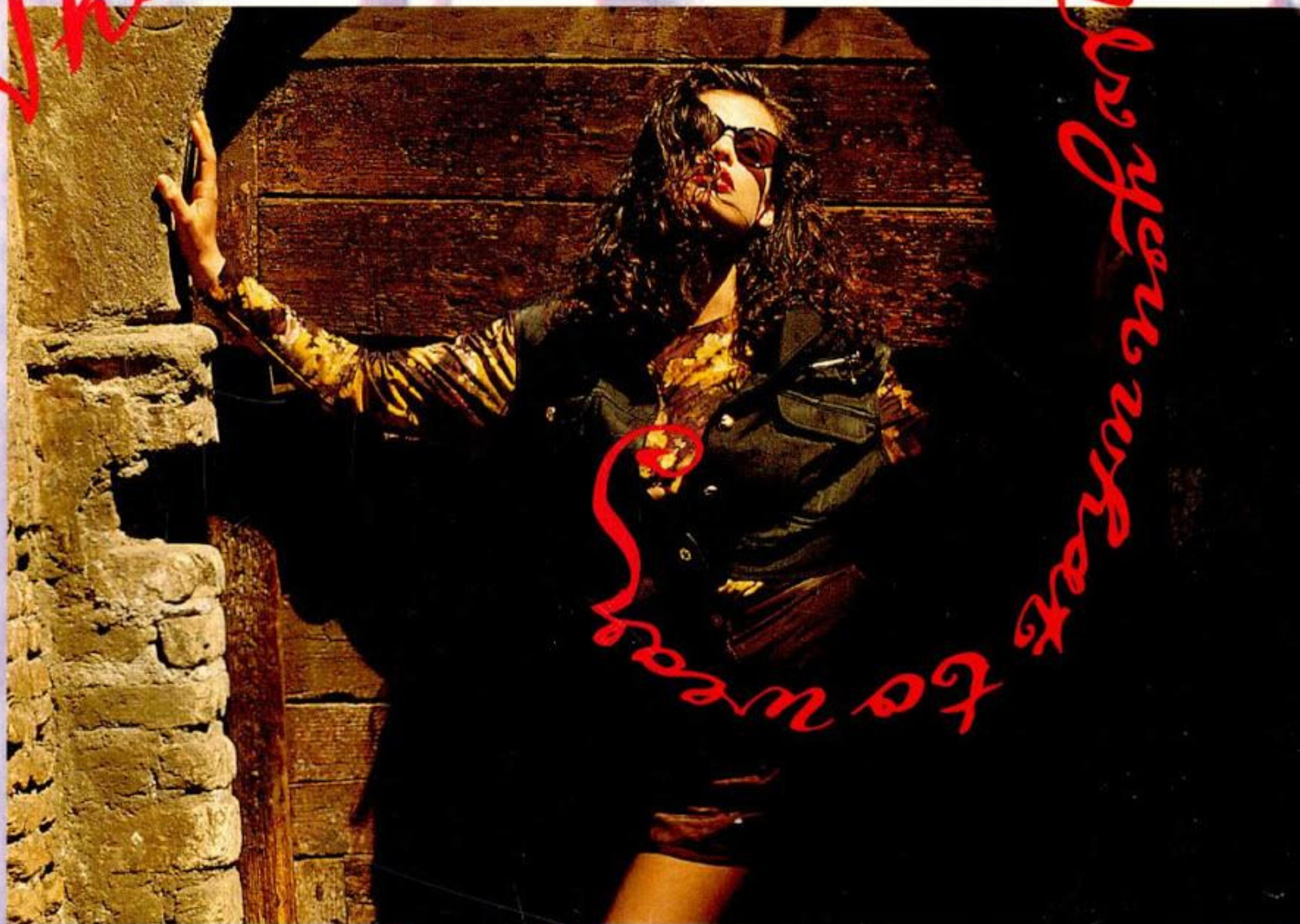


Hollywood Hates Disney • Driving Mr. Gotti • The New Yorker's Goof-up



Sharon Stone as
That Cynically
Exploited Sex Object

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OUR SPECIAL 1991 SWIMSUIT ISSUE

Maillot, maillot, my! SPY hits the beach with some one-piece wonders, and supermodels Robert Maxwell, a pseudo-L.A. policeman, Walter Monheit™, Gerald Ford, Norman Mailer, Bob Dylan and Robin Leach aren't just hot—they're very hot!

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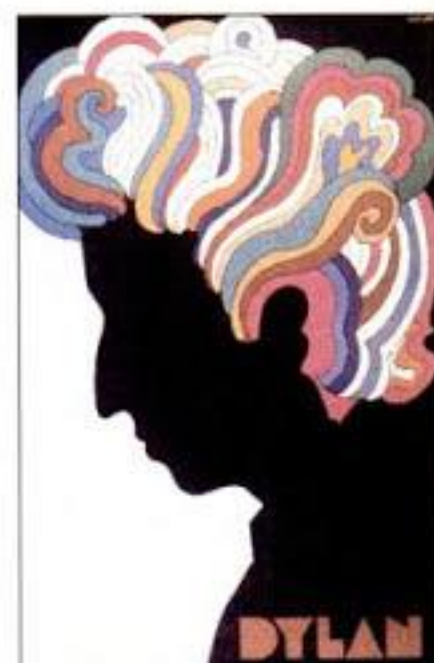
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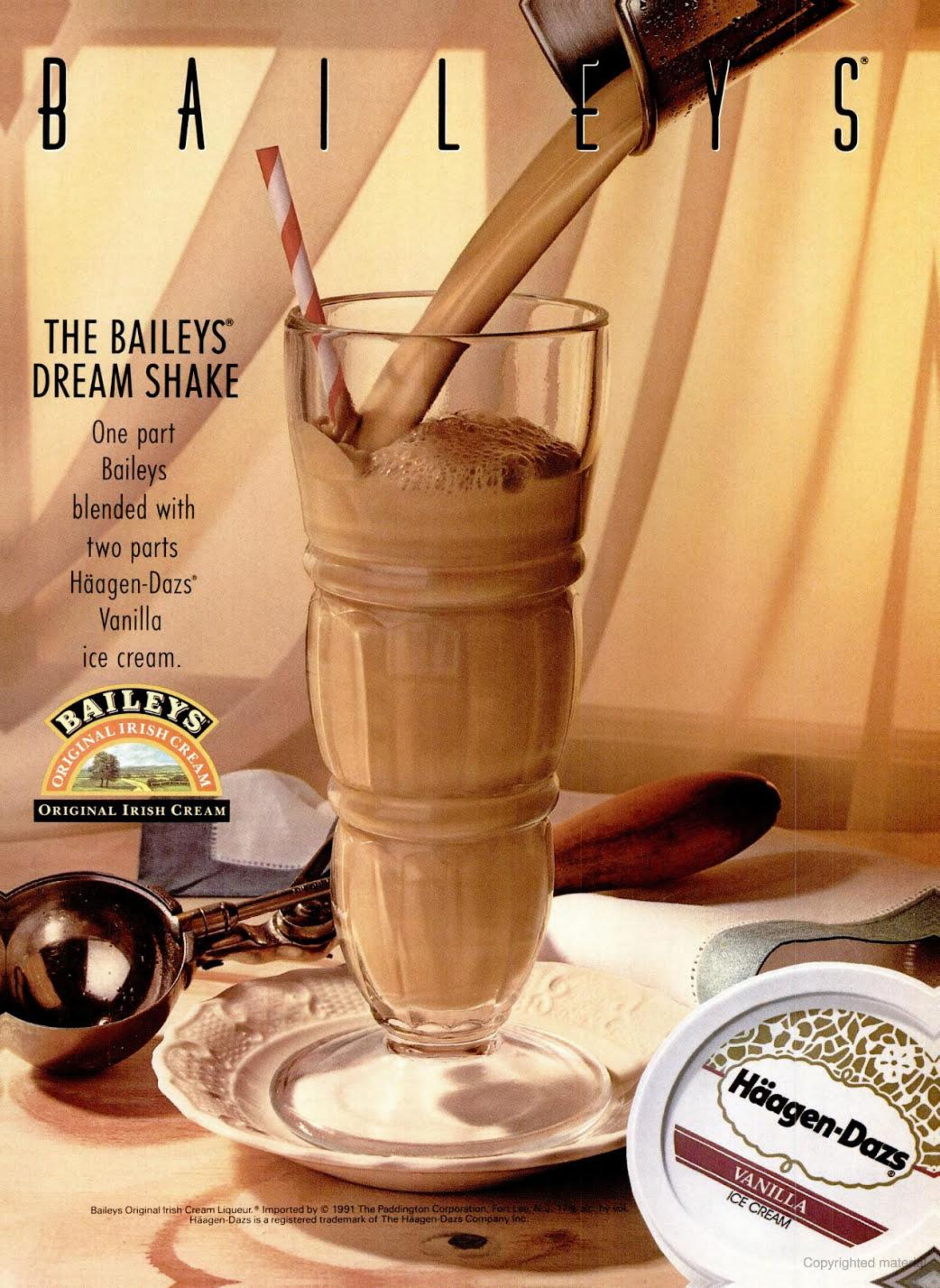
THE COVER

Sharon Stone photographed by Firooz Zahedi.
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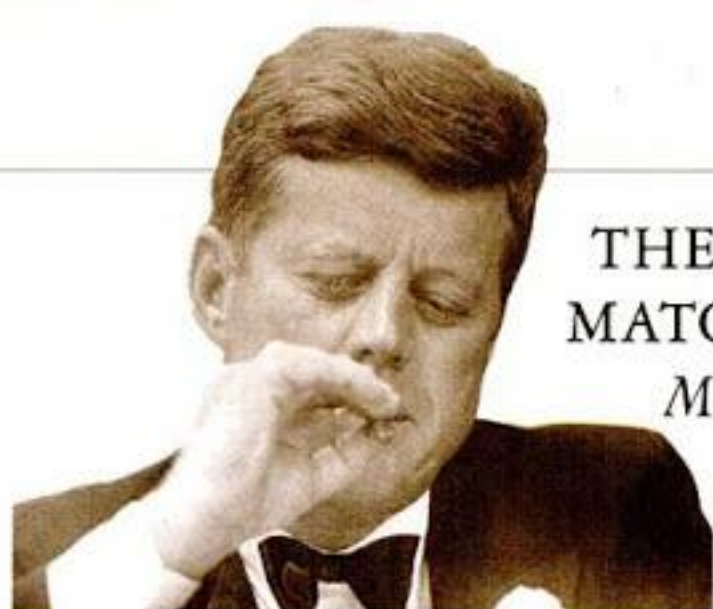


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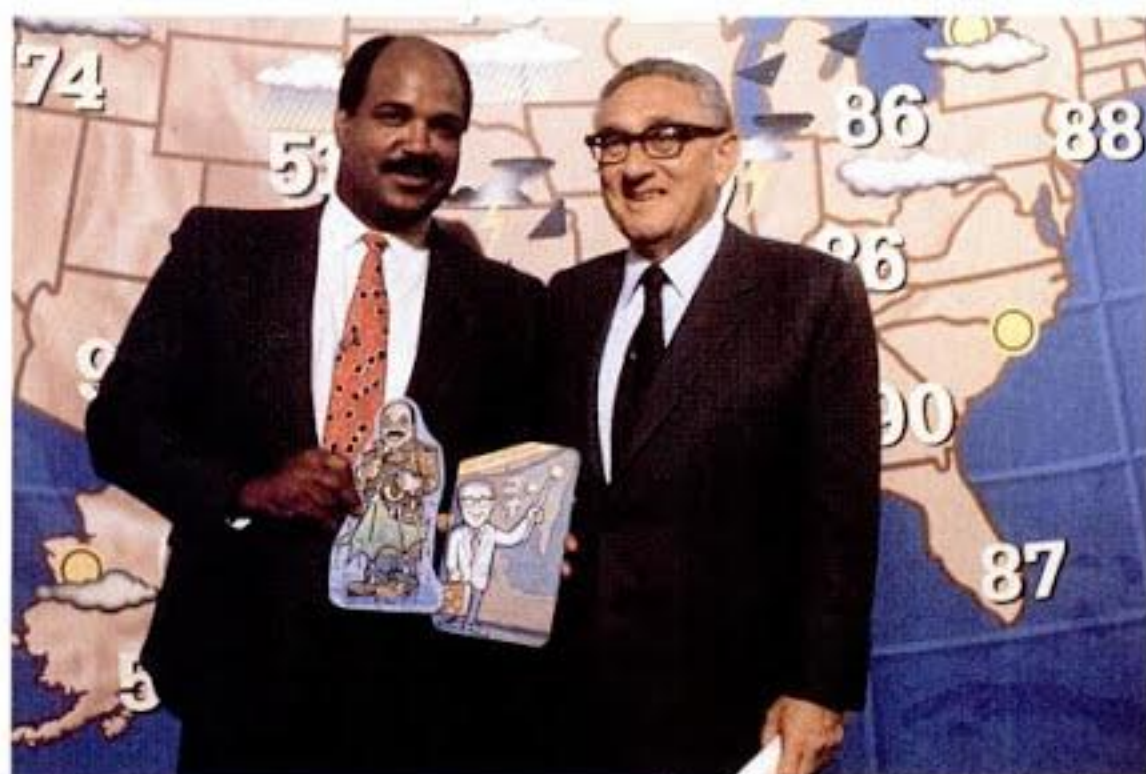
a time for
GUCCI



THE WORD *SUMMER* IS ALMOST ONOMATOPOEIC: THE SIZZLE OF THE S; THE MM AN EXHAUSTED, HEADACHY SIGH following the first sip of cocktail; the well-oiled two syllables as easy to utter as some perfectly synthetic, market-testable product name—a sporty midprice car (the new Chevy Summer), or a cologne (Ralph Lauren's Summer). And, of course—on May

The word *summer*

25, before summer had officially started, the temperature here reached 93 degrees—it rhymes with *bummer*. ☹️ Is it just the heat? Or have we turned into full-bore cranks, Andy Rooneys minus a few inches around the waist? Good Humor trucks, which back in the age of innocence produced one of summer's great audio effects, are now playing interminable video-game-music loops of Scott Joplin rags. Shrill, electronic bleating, and ice cream we now know is third-rate. There must be something meaningful here. 💡 There is. Describing the proliferation of exotic new stock offerings, an executive at Shearson Lehman Brothers, the investment bank, told *The Wall Street Journal*, "When times get tougher for vanilla products, bankers start to sell stuff that has sprinkles on it." 🍦 Not only that, but *they want you to believe the sprinkles are good for you*. According to a University of Massachusetts food-science professor named Dr. Fergus Clydesdale (wasn't he a recurring character on *Green Acres*?), companies such as General Mills will soon



sell infirmity-specific breakfast cereals—"one box of Wheaties for people with a genetic disposition to cancer, and another for those disposed to heart disease." 🍷 Already McDonald's sells one burger for people who don't mind developing a disposition to heart disease and another—the McLean, the first fast-food product named after a suburb of Washington, D.C.—for those disposed to easy dodges and self-delusion. Some public-health experts worry the solution is worse than the

problem if it encourages people to consume even more fries and buns. In that sense, according to Yale medical professor Linda Bartoshuk (she definitely wasn't on





NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP



CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO



ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY



JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

Green Acres), the McLean "could be a pact with the Devil."

Whenever satanic pacts are mentioned, we think of Henry Kissinger. It seems his long-term deal with the forces of darkness required him to publicly mortify himself during his final years on earth: there is simply no other explanation for his recent stint as weatherman on *CBS This Morning*. Kissinger actually did secretary-of-State-themed shtick on the air, referring to "peaceful" and "violent" conditions in towns like Lebanon, New Hampshire, and Moscow, Idaho (*get it?*). Satan may be the embodiment of evil, but you've got to admire his creativity.

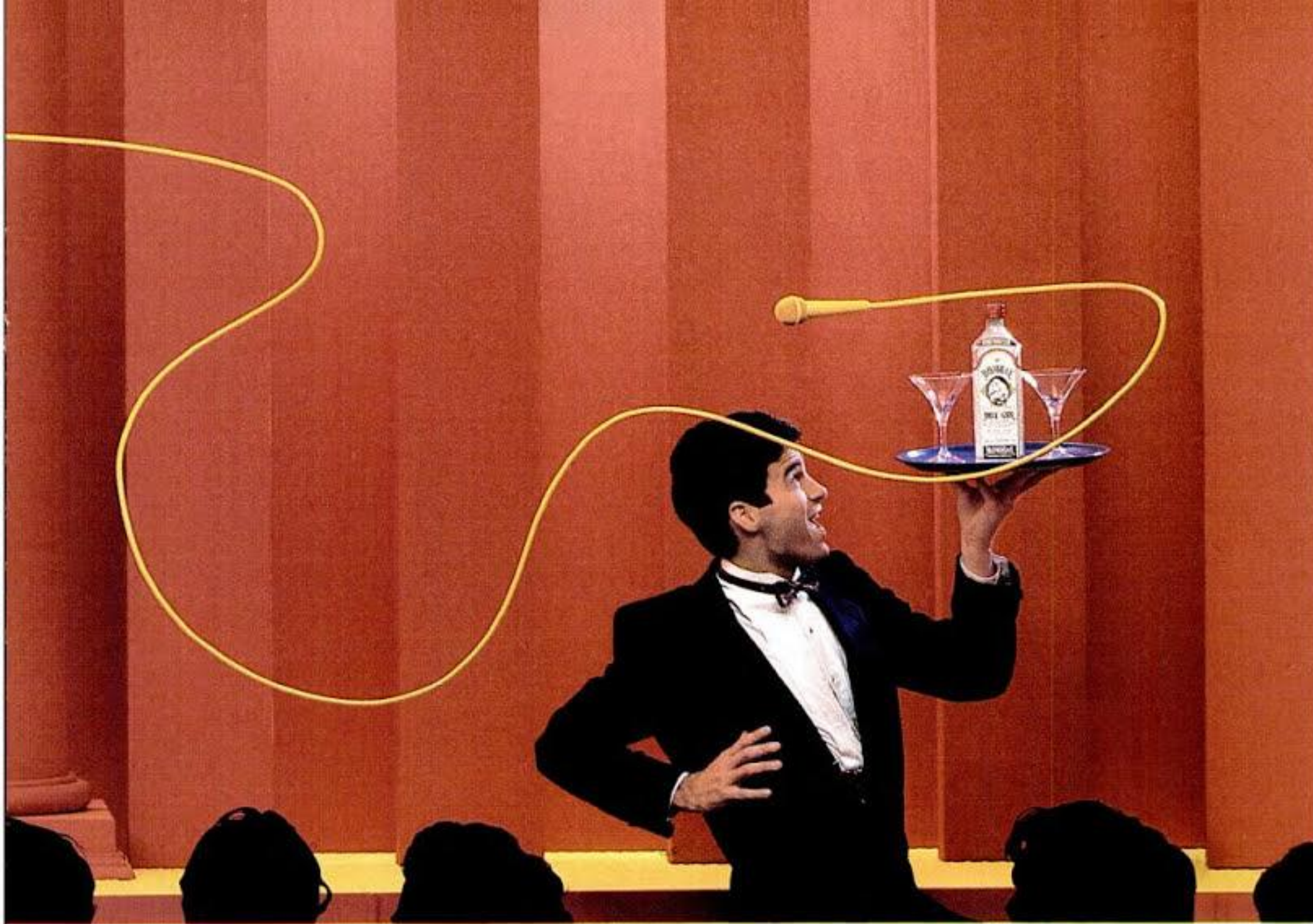
Kissinger becomes a TV weatherman just as we find out his former minion bathes with a dog. An ex-aide says George Bush and Millie would sometimes shower together, and that Bush did this "without feeling apologetic about it." A compulsion to be naked around springer spaniels is apparently *not* a symptom of hyperthyroidism; yet if Bush's illness were severe, doctors say, he might experience

a "thyroid storm," with symptoms including high fever (which could explain the showers) and psychosis (which could explain Millie and the lack of embarrassment). George and Barbara's shared autoimmune condition is Graves' disease; Millie has an autoimmune disease called lupus; Peter Graves and Peter Lupus were on *Mission: Impossible* just before Bush was director of the CIA. Coincidence?

Thyroid storms (wasn't that a recurring plot device on the original *Star Trek*?) bring to mind, inevitably, Desert Storm. Months later, we learn the several meaningful truths about our adventure in Iraq: (1) **The war wasn't so awful** for the 99.96 percent of American soldiers who didn't die: of the 360 women serving aboard the *Acadia* in the Persian Gulf, 22 became pregnant at sea. (2) **Lorne Michaels—a Canadian—was responsible for the diminution of our First Amendment freedoms:** a skit on *Saturday Night Live* depicting Gulf reporters as buffoons persuaded White House officials, they admit, to maintain the restrictions on press coverage of the war. (3) **Even war**

heroes—maybe especially war heroes—need agents: General Schwarzkopf (wasn't he a recurring character on *Hogan's Heroes*?) has hired Marvin Josephson of ICM to negotiate his show business and publishing futures. "He is not focused on money," says Josephson. "He'll never do something just because someone's going to pay him a lot of money." But Josephson's job is to see to it that someone *will* pay Schwarzkopf a lot of money nevertheless—though *that's not why* he'll be doing whatever it is they'll pay him to do. The Kurds, meanwhile, are evidently still trying to get their calls returned by William Morris.

But back to the White House: it turns out that Secret Service policy calls for the prompt destruction of all of Bush's blood samples, urine specimens and fecal smears—indeed, *all presidential bodily discharges*. The idea is to prevent any stray Bush-ooze from falling into the hands of unfriendly foreign governments (wasn't that a running gag on *Get Smart*?), who might thus learn some meaningful secret about the president's health.



IMPORTED TASTE OF BOMBAY GIN.

ALMONDS FROM INDOCHINA

LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN

ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY

LICORICE FROM INDOCHINA

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Imagine if an unfriendly foreign government had got hold of JFK's blood! According to Thomas Reeves's new book *A Question of Character*, President Kennedy smoked hash and dropped acid (*Bobby, Marilyn—the Oval Office* actually is oval!). In addition, he was "foul-mouthed" and "slipped government documents to journalists" and "favored abortion." We were misinformed: it had been our understanding that Reeves would be portraying JFK unflatteringly.

It may be meaningful—in a narrow, meretricious, cynical sense—that Michael Jackson, seeking to slough off the Venusian-K mart-androgyne look he designed for himself a decade ago, has asked a group of stylish photographers and fashion designers to design a new Michael Jackson. If a second-rank 1970s performer can explode in the '80s and endure into the '90s, what's to stop, oh, say, Cindy Williams from now becoming a Jackson-magnitude megastar? Not a thing! Which is why Tri-Star is releasing *Bingo!*, starring Williams, in August. And why the next several months of feature films

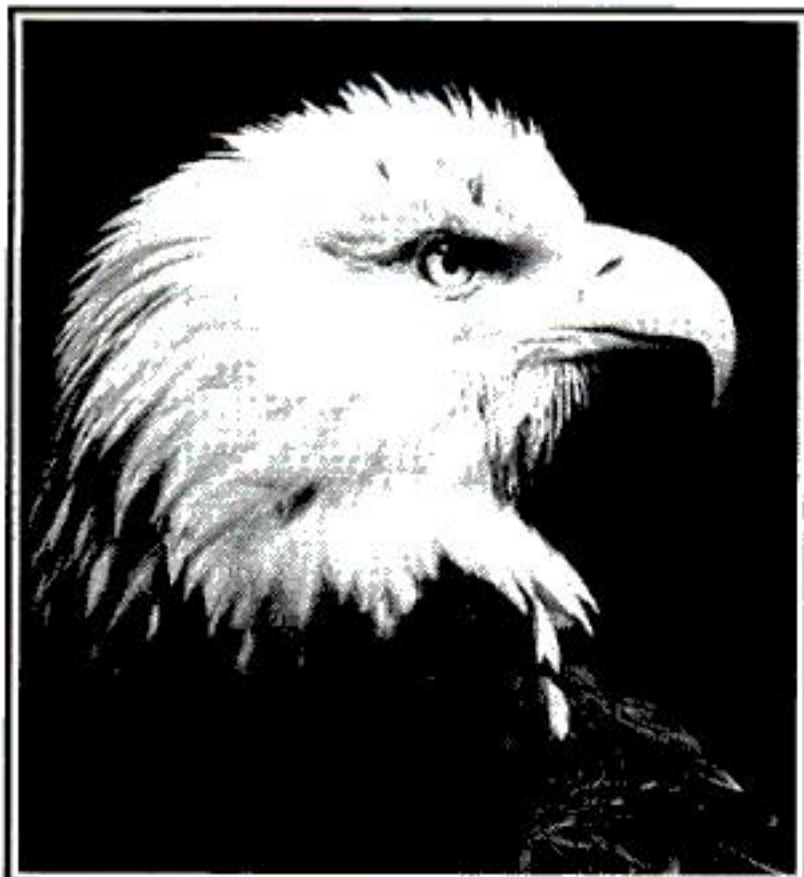
will star John Ritter (*Problem Child II*), Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor (*Another You*), Dudley Moore (*Blame It on the Bellboy*), Goldie Hawn (*The Mrs. and the Crisscross*), Nick Nolte (*Prince of Tides*) and, best of all, Lindsay Wagner (*The Ants of God*). If there isn't a really major Gabe Kaplan feature in development by Christmas, we don't know a meaningful trend when we see one.

Gabe Kaplan aside, it's gotten so we can't be sure if certain unappealing figures remind us of a past era or of the future. Chris Whittle, for one, seems by most indexes—the haircut, the bow ties, the sensitive-man arrogance, the southerner-with-improbable-political-ambitions thing (wasn't he a next-door neighbor on the old *Bob Newhart Show*?)—to be a 1970s creature still walking among us. But then, as a subsidiary of Time Warner, he starts piping Whopper commercials into public schools and proposing to open 200 profit-making schools (wasn't that the premise of *Children of the Damned*?), and we think, *Late-1990s guy*.

A chain of glossy elementary

schools run by Steve Ross; Donald Trump threatening to sell Mar-a-Lago to Moonies; and now the news that Germany may establish a military base in the U.S. Hey—aren't these all plot devices in that blockbuster serial novel of the fin de siècle, 1999: *Casinos of the Fourth Reich*? As the gripping climax of this chapter swoops into view with an intoxicating brew of low-down sex (Madonna! Kennedys!) and high-stakes menace (Kravis! Kennedys!), we find ourselves at the brand-new Clubland. Clubland, new tenant of the old Studio 54 space (a recurring joke on *Murphy Brown*?), issued a five-page press release about its opening: "Guests may...watch as Buddy Holly's plane flies through the balcony and crashes at the end of a 50s medley....A real eyeful of activity and excitement. And you can dance to it." But is it meaningful? For the answers to important philosophical questions, we like to rely on the experts, and John Reidy, an analyst at Smith Barney, has this to say about the first part of 1991: "It's almost a meaningless quarter for everybody." ☾

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MILTON GLASER's colored-pencil rendering of Bob Dylan in this issue is his first illustration of the singer since his famous 1966 multicolored poster portrait. "It was strange to compete with an image that had become so established in my own oeuvre," he says. "I had to do something very different." An exhibition of Glaser's work is currently on display in Rome and will travel to Budapest, Moscow and Brussels.



LUC SANTE's association with SPY dates back to the magazine's early days, when he wrote a regular crime column. He returns to our pages with an essay accompanying this issue's summer-celebrating portfolio of photographs. Farrar, Straus & Giroux will publish Sante's book *Low Life: Lures and Snares of Old New York*—"a history of crime and vice and bohemianism and stuff in New York a hundred years ago," he says—in September.



PAUL SLANSKY has created SPY's Ed Koch and Ronald Reagan quizzes-cum-profiles and in this issue recounts his visit to the Richard Nixon Library. Slansky is also the author of *The Clothes Have No Emperor* (Fireside Books), which he believes his publisher marketed "like the witless joke book any cretin can see that it isn't, rather than the definitive chronology of Reagan-era absurdity and excess that it in fact is."



Like Slansky, **PHILIP WEISS** has at SPY's behest spent a lot of time observing the behavior of vaguely contemptible Republican ex-presidents who live in California: for our November 1989 issue Weiss chatted with Reagan at Bohemian Grove, and in this issue he profiles America's First Greeter, Gerald Ford. Weiss has also written for *Esquire* and *The New York Times Magazine*.

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From the SPY Mailroom



Here at last are the results of the informal SPY reader survey announced in this space in April. The single survey question was "Do you have children or pets?" At press time, we can report that we're tabulating three Noes for every Yes. All right—to be perfectly candid, we've had three Noes and one Yes. But that's a large enough sample group for us. We'll adjust the editorial direction of the magazine accordingly.

In the Party Poop section of our April issue we ran a photograph of Jill Krementz and a brief caption identifying her as a "champion name-dropper and celebrity photographer." We swear to the accuracy of both elements of that description. Still, there *is* another view. We received a letter from Krementz's husband, Kurt Vonnegut Jr. (a novelist popular among students in the late 1960s and early '70s), in which he took exception to our characterization. Vonnegut followed with a phone call to one of our editors. *You have a disgusting magazine*, he said. *My wife is not a name-dropper. She just happens to know a lot of famous people and mentions them in conversation.* (Here Vonnegut mentioned a few of them himself, to bolster his argument.) *I don't know why people read SPY*, he went on. *You just do it to make money. You obviously didn't do any reporting for this. My wife is a very serious woman. She's written children's books. She went to Vietnam once.... You've got a very sick sense of humor—you're Canadian, aren't you?*

Having drawn blood with that last point, Vonnegut might have ended it there. But he had a parting shot. *Let me leave you with this*, Vonnegut said. *If you don't already have cancer, I hope you get it.*

Within a month, according to newspaper accounts, the couple separated.

Elio Sierra sends word—and proof—from Washington, D.C., that a book ►

Letters to SPY

Sense and Hypersensitivity

James Collins's essay on common sense ["What Could We Have Been Thinking?: The Sudden and Total Triumph of Common Sense," April] was provocative, necessary and very enjoyable.

*George D. Putnam
Santa Monica, California*

While it is true that many people have come to terms with some of the more ridiculous trends of years past, this isn't due to any new mass enlightenment: the trends have simply played themselves out, and their negative effects been made blatantly obvious.

Several years ago people took the commonsense position that disco dancing and leisure suits made them look incredibly goofy. They then went on to become Reagan-worshiping yuppies. There was as much of an influx of common sense then as there is now. How else can one explain the obnoxious militant political correctness of Brown University; a more than 80 percent approval rating for a president who has done almost nothing for domestic improvement; Sinéad O'Connor; Senator Alan Simpson; pump sneakers; southern California; the Parents' Music Resource Center; oil dependency; and the Yanks' not signing Dave Righetti?

*Finbarr Curtis
Barrington, Rhode Island*

You state that Quebecois separatism is a "great lapse of common sense through history" and that Canada is a "common-sense hangout." Jingoistic Americans love to revel in the naive and romantic notions they hold about Canada, unable to imagine their northern neighbor capable of real and actual political turmoil. You prefer us to be uneventful and demure so as to better ignore us. Sorry to shatter your dreams, but Canada does not have the monopoly on common sense you so dearly

wish it had. That is why we want out! *Vive le Québec Libre!*

*Dominique Faille
Montreal, Quebec, Canada*

Within one week of my receiving your "comeback of common sense" issue, my pickup truck suddenly required a complete four-wheel brake job (\$354), a new transmission, clutch and universal joint (\$1,003) and an unusual carburetor adjustment (\$97). Although I am well aware that correlation does not imply causation, I believe that in this case common sense clearly places responsibility for these mechanical failures with your publication. Please send me \$1,454 for the damages I incurred.

*Tony Eldon
San Francisco, California*

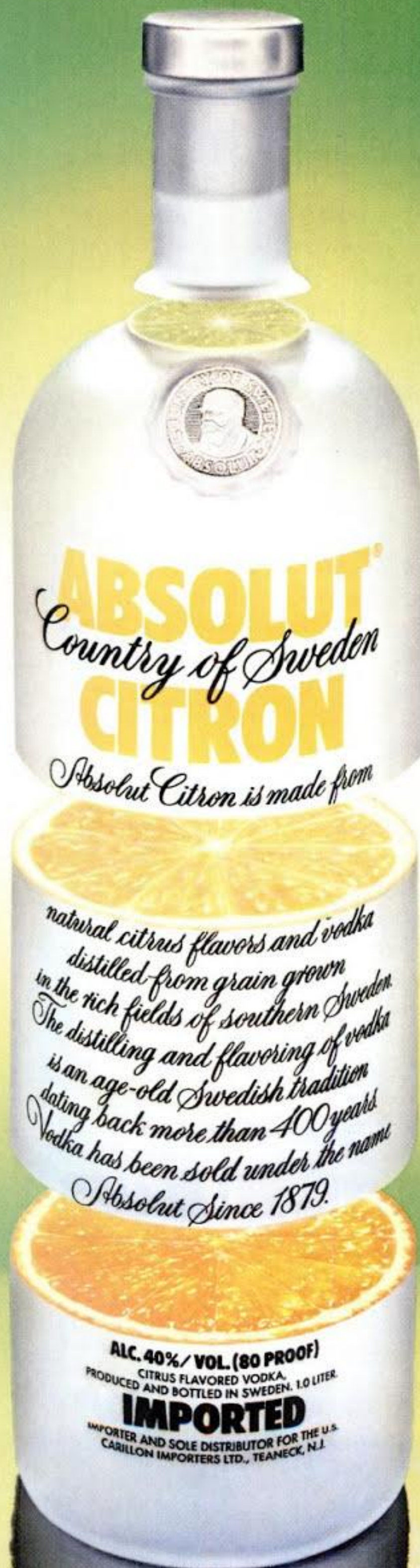
Okay, but that "unusual carburetor adjustment" is your responsibility—we thought we'd made that clear when you subscribed.

I just received your out-of-date April issue, with the cover line WERE WE NUTS?! A TIDY, FIVE-DAY GULF WAR? Didn't you hear that we won the war? So much for topical humor....

*Name withheld
Addison, Illinois*

I've seen articles in the media teasing SPY for its assumption that the Gulf War would drag on, and saying our quick "victory" made you look silly. I beg to differ. As I write this, Saddam Hussein is still in power and our newly nonwimpy commander in chief has decided to abandon the defeated, devastated Kurds to an unprepared United Nations. Iraq has been bombed back to the Stone Age, and tens of thousands of Iraqi civilians lie dead. The corrupt and venal dictatorship of Kuwait has been reinstalled, and the Gulf ecosystem has been thoroughly trashed. To my mind, it's America that looks silly.

*Steve Omlid
San Francisco, California* ►



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called *Strategic Corporate Alliances: A Study of the Present, a Model for the Future*, by Louis E.V. Nevaer and Steven A. Deck (1990, Greenwood Publishing Group), is dedicated to "Vaclav Havel, Walter Monheit, and Samuel Beckett." Our first, desperate reaction is, "It could—it *must*—be another Walter Monheit. Surely the country is seething with them. Like the Walter Monheit who—let's see—used to collect tickets at the Whack-a-Mole game at Circus Circus in Vegas, or, um, the one who runs the scoreboard for the Pittsfield Mets in New York/Penn League ball." But the book's introduction leaves little room for hope: although Monheit himself is not quoted, *SPY* is, which suggests the authors knew what they were doing. Weaker circumstantial evidence than this has hanged people. (Monheit was so flattered that he offered this blurb to authors Nevaer and Deck: "Hit the Deck—but Nevaer fear! *Strategic Corporate Alliances* has a strategic alliance with Mr. Pulitzer P. Prize! Ooof!")

Life Imitates Satire, Part One: The satire in this case is "Well, Why *Couldn't De Niro Appear on Doogie Howser?*" (March). The life, as reported by—well, by *Star* magazine, if you must know—concerns luring Sean Connery to TV Land: "Bette Ashley, a representative for *Night Court* and *Murphy Brown*, gushed to STAR, 'I could see Sean Connery doing anything he wanted.' While publicist Lia [*sic*] Krantzler told STAR: 'Sean would be great on *Coach*.' Publicist for the new hit, *Fresh Prince of Bel Air*, Toni Moston, told STAR: 'We'd love to have Sean Connery play a neighbor on the show. That would be great.'" (By the way, the publicists later denied having spoken to *Star*.)

Vashon, Washington, reader Richard Bard told *SPY*: "I heard you were giving away free subscriptions." *SPY* gushed to Bard: "No." (But thanked him for sending along, for no evident reason, the obituary of a local supermarket mogul in which this anecdote appeared: "Croco was known as a character who never lost the spirit of a small businessman. When a woman suddenly died of a heart attack in one of his stores and paramedics didn't arrive right away, Croco built a potato-chip

display around the woman to keep gawkers away...." Had he lived—had he lived in New York—Croco could have applied for a grant and appeared periodically at a performance space.)

We have here an alarmingly thorough asparagus update from Cambridge, Massachusetts, urine sampler Gary Sabot (see Letters to *SPY*, May). Sabot has forwarded plenty of documentation supporting his case—whatever it was—but we never made it past this sentence, from an article in *Trends in Pharmacological Sciences*: "In a group of 19 asparagus-fed subjects, ten smelly smellers were found, one non-smelly smeller, three non-smelly non-smellers, while the remaining five belonged to the group with the highest potential for social embarrassment, the smelly non-smellers." The group with the lowest potential for social embarrassment apparently consists entirely of Gary Sabot.

Life Imitates Satire, Part Two: "My uncle Jack Fine was a chronically unsuccessful promoter and personal manager in New York during the 1950s and '60s," writes Gary Zackowitz, of Hyattsville, Maryland. "He died about 20 years ago, but it is entirely possible he knew Pat Cooper, Joey Adams and Freddie Roman, and that they might have fond, cloudy memories of him." Your Jack Fine may have been "chronically unsuccessful"—our Jack Fine worked with Jeff Chandler. 'Nuff said. (Below, an artifact belonging to Zackowitz's Jack Fine.)



Litigation Imitates Satire: Those cutups at New York University's School of Law put out an April Fool's Day issue of their school paper in the form of a full-blown parody of *SPY* ("Separated ►

Short-Fingered Shortfall

John Connolly's exclusive *SPY* investigation into that financial whiz kid Donald Trump ["All of the People, All the Time," April] proved what I'd always suspected but never dared to actually believe about Trump's finances. Connolly's scrupulous research and lucid writing made for a truly fabulous exposé, equaling in quality the legendary IVANARAMA issue.

Thomas Cunningham
Middlebury, Vermont

In his attempt to show how the press blindly believed whatever Trump told it, Connolly accuses *Crain's* of the sin of estimating, two years ago, that Trump had made a 400 percent profit on the sale of the St. Moritz hotel, when Connolly claims he really made *only* 150 percent on the deal. (If only the *rest* of Trump's holdings were worth so much more than he paid for them.) But Connolly conveniently ignores the lead article in that same issue of *Crain's*, which pointed out that so much of what Trump says about his business and himself "reeks of hype." The whole purpose of that piece was to show how Trump was vastly inflating the worth of his West Side rail yards, and to question his assertion that he had several buyers for the land.

Steve Malanga
Managing editor
Crain's New York Business
New York

Bench-Warmer Blues

As a Naval Reserve officer and long-time *SPY* subscriber who was supposed to get recalled to active duty and sent to Saudi Arabia in April, I was looking forward to reading *SPY*'s thoughts on Operation Desert Storm.

I was hoping for fresh and funny 1990s insights. Instead, I found you in lockstep with other weenie magazines that all too predictably resurrected obsolete Vietnam images and analogies in whining about the Pentagon, crying about senior officers and blubbering about the cost of the war.

SPY's retro-editorial in the April issue tritely discussed "ham-fisted Pentagon restrictions," "big protest ral-

lies," "merciless B-52 carpet bombing," "American commanders caught telling lies" and a whole litany of 1960s-type comments. You should have printed it in Day-Glo colors.

Wake up—the 1990s U.S. military bears as much relationship to the 1960s one as a laptop computer does to a manual typewriter. SPY's hackneyed comments on Desert Storm, in light of the rapid and utter defeat of the Iraqi forces, are as state-of-the-art as the lumbering and imprecise Scud missile.

*Lieutenant David C. Iglesias
Albuquerque, New Mexico*

What we thought we were doing was depicting the parallels with Vietnam as lame and forced—essentially making fun of the protesters. Guess not.

What were you trying to say in "Do As I Say, Not As I Did: Meet the Heroes of the Fighting 102nd—Congress" [May]? That unless you have participated in a war, you have no right to voice an opinion over the just cause of any war? Does that mean, say, Eleanor Roosevelt had no right to consider the abolition of slavery a noble cause for her forebears? It's lamebrained to say we should automatically oppose any war because we've never been in one.

*Chris Bolton
Duluth, Georgia*

Other Voices, Other Letters

For your information, we *all* noticed the "mistake" in your December 1990 Statement of Ownership, but we were savvy enough to recognize it for what it was: a sinister attempt to bait readers so that you could humiliate any poor saps who wrote in to "correct" you. Then in your April issue, apparently chagrined by the fact that no one had been stupid enough to fall for your little prank, you debased yourselves further by claiming that a "William J. Fragaszy" (can't you guys do better than that?) had written to inquire about those free copies [From the SPY Mailroom]. Your blatant self-aggrandizement sickens me.

*John Dietrich
Arlington, Texas*

William Fragaszy replies, "I'd like to thank Uncle John for writing in—and don't forget to have Aunt Mary write in

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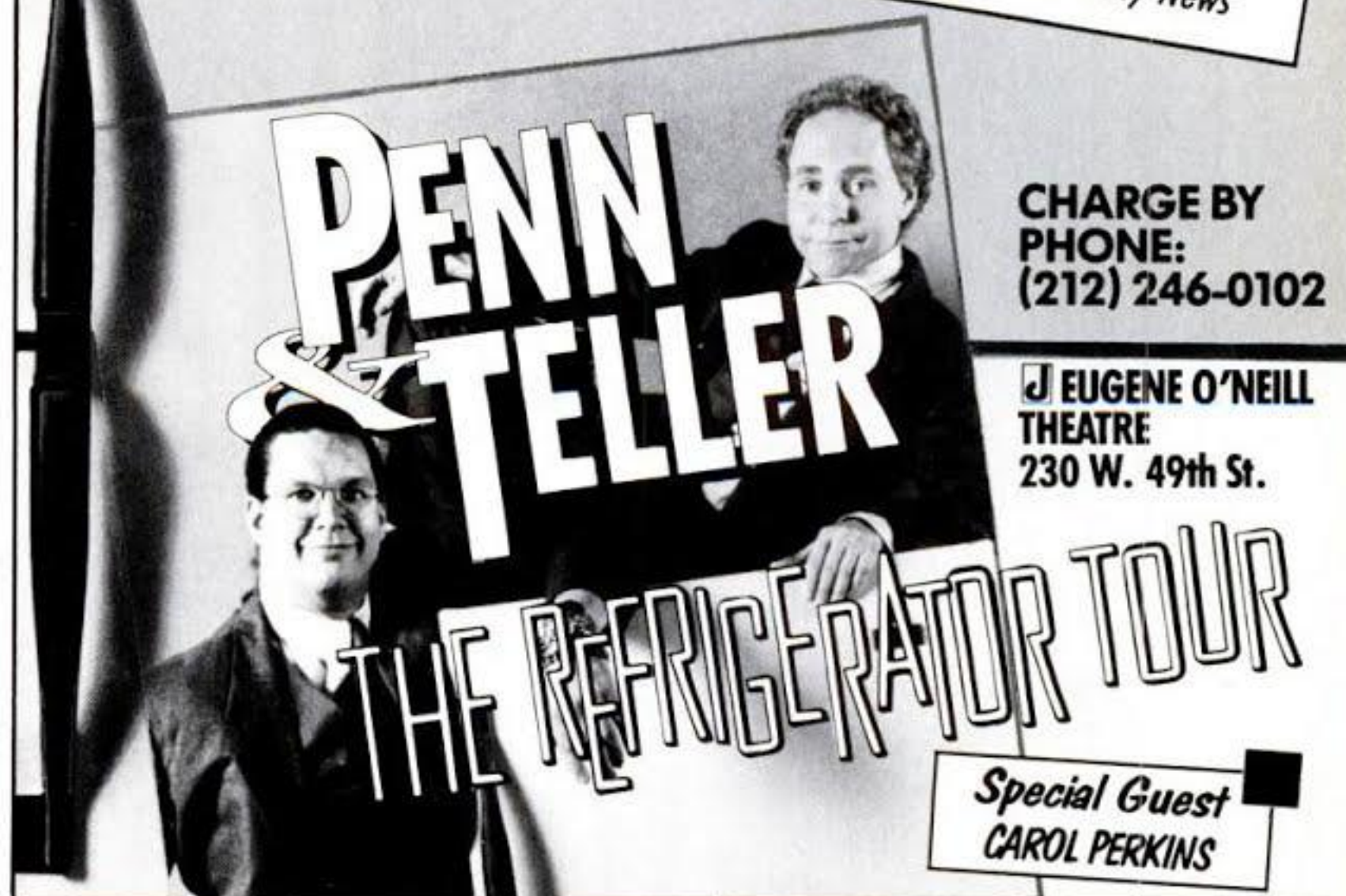
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at Birth?," "What's in a Name?," a variation on the *Times* column, Party Poop, Great Expectations, Datebook, Blurb-o-Mat). "We will not associate with those timid publications so often mentioned in the *SPY* mailroom column, who rip off 'Separated at Birth?' without a credit to *SPY*," their editorial read. "We at *The Commiebaiter* salute *SPY* and boldly proclaim this to be our *SPY* rip-off issue. And, because we're law students, we know that copyright and trademark law are on our side.... We're not making any money out of this, nor are we depriving *SPY* of any money. No effect upon the potential market for the copyrighted work. No likelihood of confusion. Ergo no lawsuit." Smart-asses before they even graduate.

As leads go, "Imagine Warren Holzem's surprise..." is not one that's guaranteed to grab and hold us, not even the first time we encounter it. Our philosophy is, and has always been, inflexible: even with all the advances of modern medical science (and the consequent happy effect on actuarial tables), life remains *too short* to spend even a tiny part of it imagining Warren Holzem's surprise at anything. Nevertheless, we got a kick out of an item from the *Milwaukee Journal* that began, "Imagine Warren Holzem's surprise when a reporter from *SPY* magazine appeared at his front door Saturday morning bearing gifts. Holzem had called the magazine's 900 line a few weeks back, saying, 'Yeah, Big Mac, large fries, medium diet, and could you deliver that to Warren in Milwaukee? Thanks.' [SPY staff member] David Bourgeois [was] in Milwaukee this weekend visiting his family...so he decided to answer Holzem's request...."

No one can say we don't look after our readers. Or at least one of them. But don't any of you think for a moment that there is the remotest chance of this happening a second time. ☺

CORRECTIONS

In May's "Master Philip and the Boys," we misstated a date and a name. Paul Goldberger and Richard Meier joined the Century Association in 1976, and the private upstairs room at the club is called the Charles Platt Library. ☺

next month so that maybe I'll get my name in *The SPY Index*."

I am only a recent reader of your magazine (two issues), but the story about the president of Gabon by Fred Shaver ["At Your Service, President Bongo!," May] was one of the most interesting, informative, gripping sagas I have read in a long time. Kudos to you and Mr. Shaver for finding each other.

Bruce Steurer
Henderson, Nevada

Saw the segment on *Hard Copy* about your Jack Fine exposé ["The Death of a Show Business Legend," April]. I'd clipped your obituary from *Variety* because I'm writing the authorized biography of the Ritz Brothers, whom Mr. Fine supposedly represented. Your obit erred in one department: the Ritz Brothers didn't sign with MCA until 1939, and your Mr. Fine left MCA in 1933. Al, Jimmy and Harry didn't come to Hollywood until 1936. Nice try.

Jefry N. Abraham
Los Angeles, California

Well, you have your sources and we have ours; we'll leave it up to our readers to decide whether they want to believe an actual researcher or a figment of our imagination. Next you'll try to tell us Jack didn't do a stint running CAA in the pre-Ovitz years.

Bless The SPY Index. I was able to help two library patrons today because of it (Martha Stewart mashed-chicken episode, and "Why We Fight," Part I). Keep it up!

Gayle Richardson
Seattle Public Library,
North East Branch
Seattle, Washington

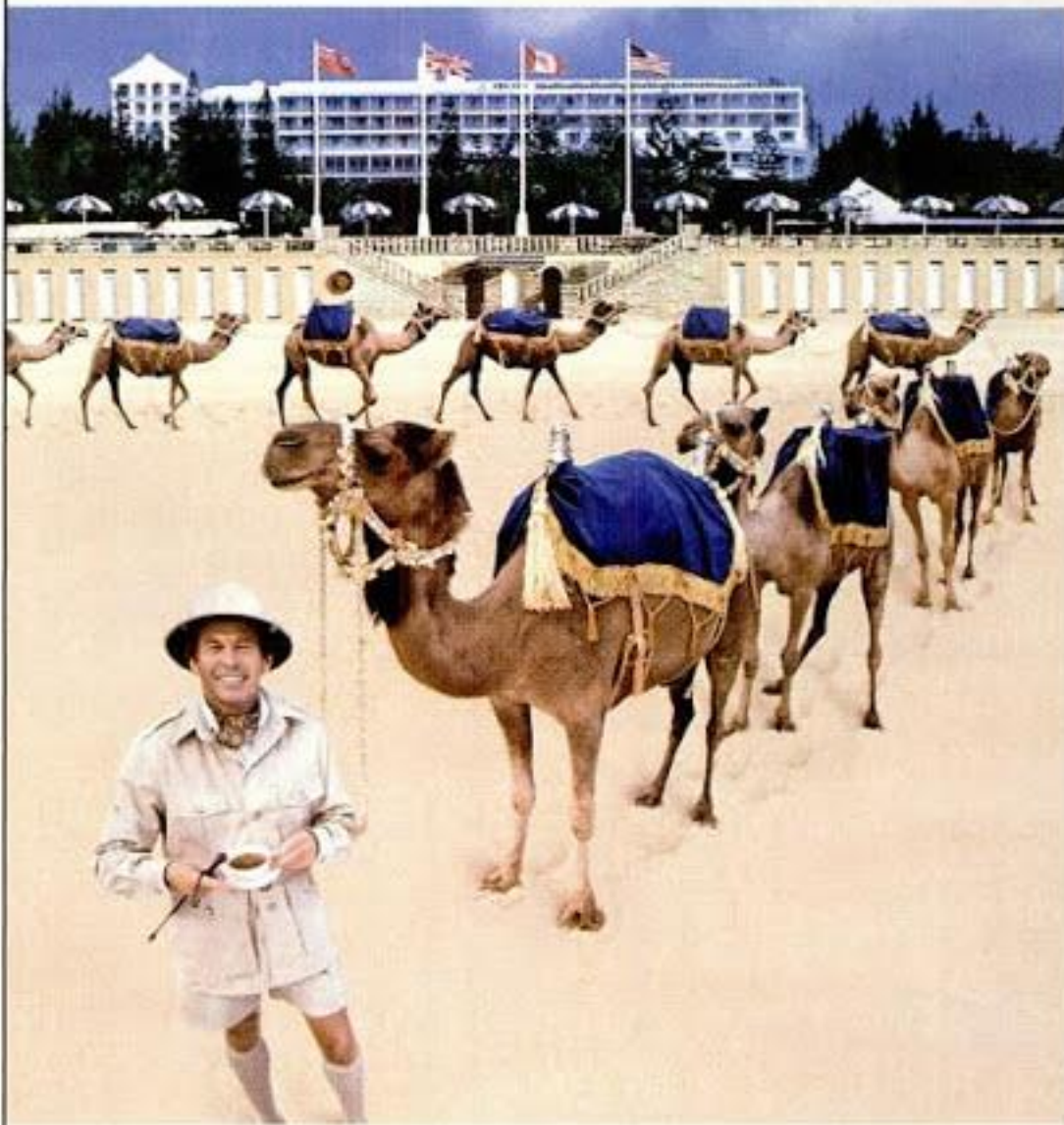
I was recently given a gift subscription to SPY. Your magazine is meanspirited, vindictive and sophomoric. I eagerly await each and every issue.

John Gabrysiak
Chicago, Illinois

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

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Dropping Anchor

Anchorman, preacher man, mystic, Dan Rather earns \$3 million a year by reading a total of five minutes of text each night on *The CBS Evening News*. Which is about \$3 million a year more than Larry Tisch, CEO and dismantler of the onetime Tiffany network, wants to pay him. Although Rather's contract does not expire until 1994 and he insists he will not step down before then, Tisch has already begun efforts to remove him. But don't expect Rather to go down without a fight. *Remember the Alamo!*, the ex-Texan is probably thinking, in his own folksy-surreal way.

The first volley aimed at Rather was a long piece in *The Wall Street Journal* earlier this year that blamed him for just about all the News division's troubles. The story was written by Kevin Goldman. Goldman and CBS Broadcast Group president Howard Stringer have long practiced symbiosis as only a journalist and a "top CBS executive who insists on anonymity" can. Stringer has been leaking to his friend "Kev" since Goldman was at *Newsday* and, before that, at *Variety*. Their fondness for each other is such that during a private meeting with a CBS correspondent to celebrate the latter's promotion, Stringer held off breaking open the champagne until he could call Goldman and leak the news.

(For veteran Stringer watchers, the *Journal* piece was a refreshing signal that the old Welsh office infighter was not dead yet. Some at CBS believed the rumor that he would be leaving the network to take over the directorship of the BBC. Come to your senses, folks—the job only pays in the low six figures!)

So far, though, the most devastating blow to Rather has been CBS News president Eric Ober's firing of *Evening News* executive producer Tom Bettag in February. Rather once called Bettag "my last executive producer"; the two have been extraordinarily close ever since Bettag was a desk assistant in the Washington bureau 20 years ago and Rather was covering the White House. Indeed, having lost his father when he was young, Bettag developed a very curious sort of co-de-

pendency with Rather. Bettag came to be known as "the executive producer for Dan" when Rather took over the anchor chair at the *Evening News*. He would follow Rather around the newsroom command post—the so-called Fishbowl—in order to keep him insulated from staff members who might engage him in troubling conversation. Bettag was so afraid someone might say the wrong thing to his star that he would actually wave his arms while standing behind Rather to discourage people from upsetting him.

Only three years ago, not even a midlevel producer could be hired or fired at the *Evening News* without Rather's approval. Now not only is Rather's most trusted aide gone, but two producers and an editor, all Rather loyalists, were fired along with him. David Buksbaum, formerly special-events director and known locally as "vice president for Dan," had been fired by Ober's predecessor. Speculation about Bettag's eventual dismissal started when the executive producer was excluded from meetings on Gulf War coverage. The word in the News division was that to stanch the chatter, Rather marched around the Fishbowl saying, *If Tom goes, I go*. Well, Dan, *he went*.



**Rather marched around
the Fishbowl saying,
If Tom Bettag goes, I go.
Tom went.**

ABC's Boone Arledge did not waste any time signing Bettag as *Nightline*'s new executive producer. Ever since he failed to steal Rather away from CBS in the early 1980s, Arledge has relished poaching the network's talent (*Hello, Diane! Hello, Forrest!*) almost as much as he enjoys psychologically toying with the high-strung CBS anchor. Rather should be unnerved by the thought of his most loyal protégé's working at the network with the first-place evening newscast.

But before CBS bids Dan Rather farewell, let us pause to consider his merits. He was and is a real reporter, and he is probably the only remaining advocate of hard news for the time slot that leads into *Wheel of Fortune*. We also might feel a little sympathy for Tisch, Stringer and Ober. Rather will likely make life difficult for those who would depose him.

News Quiz: Rick Kaplan, the executive producer of *PrimeTime Live*, has circulated a dynamic memo to his correspondents and producers. "As discussed in our staff meeting," the memo reads, "we'd like to begin the process of asking three additional questions of our diverse interview subjects." The questions are to be drawn from a list the memo provides, which sounds remarkably like the handiwork of the

show's almond-eyed starlet. Among the richest possibilities—the questions that we cannot wait to be asked of Sir Isaiah Berlin or Dick Cheney—are "Your favorite prom memory?," "Your favorite July 4 memory?," "Your favorite Thanksgiving Day memory?" and "Your most vivid memory of first day in school?" —Laureen Hobbs

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E.B. Who?

Among *The New Yorker's* fundamental pretensions is the sense that it is the caretaker for all that is pure in America's twentieth-century literary life. Having nurtured the talents of Thurber, White, Perelman et al. in its fusty old West 43rd Street offices, the magazine reverently preserved the relics of its golden-age geniuses: Thurber's drawings adorned the walls, files full of doodles went untouched for decades, and the style and sensibility of long-dead writers remain models for today's contributors.

Imagine the horror, then, experienced by editor in chief Bob Gottlieb when he learned a huge stash of artifacts written by the magazine's early gods was recently lost—likely destroyed through the casual stupidity of employees oblivious to the self-conscious sanctity of the magazine's history. If for the last few decades *The New Yorker* has been a quasi-religious cult, its writers and editors like Christians in the Dark Ages, then the current pope, if you will, has let a large chunk of the true cross disappear.

The occasion for the sacrilege was *The New Yorker's* much-publicized move earlier this year to new offices across the street. The magazine had grandly, graciously decided to give its archives from the years 1925 to 1980 to the New York Public Library.

As the belongings of current contributors were transferred to new quarters (and, selectively, to the Smithsonian Institution), files containing the precious old rough drafts, pithy interoffice memos and urbane rejection letters were to be removed from dusty storage spaces at 25 West 43rd and shipped one block south to the library's central research facility. There they'd be stored in new underground, climate-controlled, electronically secured stacks and be made accessible only to scholars, who'd surely use them as fodder for a thousand Ph.D. dissertations to come. The magazine's largess was described in magnificent terms. "It's not just literature we are talking about," Mary B. Bowling, the library's curator of manuscripts, gushed to *The New York Times*. "The magazine really touched on everything having to do with American culture."

Oops. About a quarter of the cache—all of it apparently from *The New Yorker's* halcyon days, 1929 to 1950—is missing and presumed burned.

The library can't be blamed for the disaster. Archivists from the manuscript department had carefully tagged the roughly 200 file drawers they planned to take away. When the library's moving company arrived several days after the *New Yorker* staff had decamped to their new offices, the material was ready to go—except for 72 files stashed in a basement storage room. That room had also housed back issues and some worthless papers, until a carting company—hired by the magazine to clean up the detritus of its nearly 60-year residence—emptied the room a couple of days before the move.

Insiders at the magazine assume *The New Yorker's* garbagemen inadvertently hauled away the valuable files along with the worthless junk.

Even with the library's tags affixed, the files didn't look like much—although there were an awful lot of them. Allegro Sanitation of New Jersey says its employees didn't take anything they weren't told to take. But what if someone at *The New Yorker*—someone not so familiar with or even especially interested in the magazine's venerated his-

tory—was in charge of the move?

Enter Ginger Jespersen, right-hand woman of publisher Steve Florio. Jespersen's own interests tended to focus not on Harold Ross's scrawled editorial comments but rather on the placement of large plants and framed prints in the spiffy new offices. (She failed, however, to anticipate the reaction of Gottlieb, who took one look at the plants gracing the hallway in his new domain and told Jespersen to get them the hell out of there.)

Jespersen delegated much of the responsibility for the actual move to two assistants, Edward Leon and Andrew Santana. They have since been dismissed from the magazine's employ, apparently for behavior unconnected with the loss of the archives. But before leaving, they assured Jespersen they'd never told the garbagemen to take the valuable papers. Their contention, and apparently Jespersen's, is that someone *stole* the stuff, all 72 files.

Florio appears to be buying the theory that the files were taken (by whom? *How?*), though no police report has been filed. An internal inquiry was delayed while Jespersen was on vacation.

Gottlieb must know this fiasco will reflect badly upon him. Although it was not directly his doing, he is the current keeper of the faith. So just where are the artifacts of the

greatest era of the best-written magazine in America? One knowledgeable *New Yorker* staff member believes the archives' final resting spot is an Indianapolis dump. But an employee of Allegro says most of the stuff the company hauls away is dumped into an incinerator and burned, "right here in Secaucus." —Hazel Weatherfield



Bob

Just where are the artifacts of the greatest era of the best-written magazine in America?

We Are the War

The music industry certainly enjoys catching on to a trend, and from the Andrews Sisters to Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler, war has traditionally proved to be a good hook. The recent combat was no exception: "Voices That Care," the celebrity salute to the troops stationed in the Gulf, got good airplay and showed that war is as good as famine for getting stars to climb onto risers, join hands and sway back and forth in front of the cameras to a forgettable feel-good anthem.

Inspired by a TV ad created for Boeing, "Voices That Care" was written by pop songwriter David Foster ("Theme from *St. Elmo's Fire*," Chicago's "You're the Inspiration") and his girlfriend, Linda Thompson Jenner, who is better known as Bruce Jenner's former wife and Elvis Presley's penultimate helpmate. Her efforts needed only a teensy bit of polishing, such as altering the original title, "Voices of Freedom," to neuter it politically.

Anyone who saw the half-hour television special that documented the creation of "Voices That Care" couldn't miss the project's careful party line: *We're not saying the war is right or wrong, just that we stand behind the troops and won't treat them as badly as we treated the Vietnam vets.* The show also skirted the difficulties encountered in attracting stars to the effort—only has-beens were interested until Kevin Costner volunteered. *Hey, it's a good cause and all, but—what? Costner's in? Where do I sign?*

The credit for snaring Costner goes to Jeff Wald, executive coproducer of "Voices That Care," who is now poised to assume the mantle of Hollywood conscience broker, held most recently by Ken Kragen, the organizer of USA for Africa. That could not have been easily predicted, as Wald, the onetime manager of his ex-wife Helen Reddy and of Marvin Gaye, is a legendary wild man—even by Hollywood standards.

"One day about ten years ago," recalls a music-industry executive, "I'm on Pacific Coast Highway, and there's Jeffrey handcuffed to the door of his Rolls-Royce. Another time he put a shotgun in the face of a union picketer in Lake Tahoe. [He's] a nice guy but a

fucking lunatic."

"I *am* a fucking lunatic," Wald agrees, but he denies rumors that agents forced the "Voices That Care" producers to take the dregs of their client rosters in return for bigger stars, a story that would explain how the video ended up featuring such B- and C-list names as Paul Anka, Catherine Bach, David Cassidy, Donny Osmond, Paul Rodriguez, Rick Dees, Alyssa Milano, Brooke Shields and Stephen Stills. "Nobody pulled that crap," Wald says. "I got the A players, and the rest sort of fell into line." He identifies Costner, Meryl Streep, Mike Tyson and Whoopi Goldberg as key participants but is generally complimentary: "Henry Winkler was a doll. Luther Vandross has probably never done anything for anyone in his life before. Fresh Prince did his little rap thing. I never heard of Celine Dion before, and the fucking broad sang her ass off."

But what about some of those other faces in the crowd? Did someone really go out of his way to enlist Mickey Dolenz, Paul Williams and Clarence Clemons? Is it just a coincidence that info-mercial star Ali MacGraw appeared just before her au-

tobiography was published?

"Mickey Dolenz—I don't know," Wald says. "Clarence Clemons, I don't know who brought him, either. I didn't mind him. Ali is an ex-girlfriend of mine who saved my life and put me in Betty Ford, so I personally invited her. I didn't want to turn it into Who's Hot."

Fair enough. But sources say composer David Foster was rather less magnanimous and showed no qualms about dumping the lesser lights once he signed some bona fide stars. Among those said to be cut out of the record's final version was Debbie Gibson. "Michael Bolton didn't like the Debbie Gibson line," says one source involved in the making of the record, "so David erased it." Debbie may be amused by the story being told by press people present: that a hanger-on—a *real nobody*—joined the chorus and can apparently be seen on the video in several shots.

Of course, "Voices That Care" wasn't about invigorating careers—it was about setting things right. "We had a lot of people like me who are vehemently antiwar who really went in there as a fucking support of the troops,"

Jeff Wald says. "It was probably collective guilt about the way all of us treated the Vietnam guys.... It wasn't meant to be a fucking victory parade or any of that shit, because if

you look at what's happening now with the Kurds, it's nothing to be proud of. What it was about was some fucking kid with pimples over there who's going to sleep in a place where he can't get a fucking beer or look at a porno magazine. To let him know somebody gave a shit." So: hooray for Hollywood. —Fred Goodman



David C.

The song proved that war is as good as famine for getting stars to join hands and sing

Say It Ain't So, Mickey

Disney's new administration building in Burbank is an exuberant bit of architectural frippery by Michael Graves, with its 20-foot-high masonry statues of Sneezy, Sleepy, Happy, Doc, Bashful, Grumpy and Dopey. But those who have dealt with the studio say that while it was a nice gesture to pay homage to Disney's 1937 masterpiece *Snow White*, the architect blew the chance to incorporate two characters most representative of the studio's 1990s ethos: Attorney, the dwarf who thrives on litigation, and Picky, the executive who browbeats writers, directors, producers and actors.

What's gone wrong at the Mouse?

Well, it's an old industry truism that sooner or later every hot studio goes cold, and Disney, having enjoyed a remarkable hot streak beginning with the 1986 success of *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* and continuing through to the 1990 success of *Pretty Woman*, has suddenly dipped below freezing level. Ever since *Dick Tracy* failed to become the manic cultural event the studio had expected and paid for, Disney hasn't been able to muster a single hit, aside from the thoroughly pleasant Peter Weir romantic comedy *Green Card*. Scenes from *a Mall*, *The Marrying Man* and *Oscar* all flopped; *Three Men and a Little Lady* was a disappointment. *One Good Cop*, despite a fine performance by Michael Keaton, looks like it won't earn out. *The Rocketeer*, which was insanely expensive and stars nobody, looks like it might be a summer loser, as does Kathleen Turner's detective movie *V. I. Warshawski*.

In *What About Bob?* the studio has an early-summer hit, but beyond that the outlook isn't hopeful: there is the costly Dustin Hoffman-Nicole Kidman adaptation of E. L. Doctorow's *Billy Bathgate*, which has continually been rescheduled; *The Doctor*, featuring William Hurt and Christine Lahti, both solid actors but neither of them guaranteed box office; and *Newsies*, a Christmastime musical starring Ann-Margret and Robert Duvall. Disney's only glimmer of hope in 1991 is the Steve Martin-Diane Keaton remake of MGM's *Father of the Bride*.

While it's conceivable that Disney might be undergoing the inevitable comedown from a too-good-to-last run of success, many members of the Hollywood creative community who have had dealings with the studio feel that Disney is finally getting its comeuppance for its close, hands-on (read: tightfisted and totalitarian) way of doing business. Disney victims most often cite the studio's legendary penchant for creative interference. "I had to go through almost ten story meetings before they let me do the first draft of the script," says one seasoned, well-known screenwriter.

An accomplished director has similarly been smothered by the studio. "Everything gets pasteurized and homogenized," he says.

"Instead of looking to the future, they're completely reactive to the marketplace: if a film opens with a talking horse while you're in development, they'll try to get a talking horse into your script." Another screenwriter who has recently been through what she calls "the Disney shredder" says, "When you look at a film like *One Good Cop*, you can almost hear the Disney mentality clicking along as the film unspools: *Well, Three Men and a Baby worked the first time, so why not turn this into Three Lit-*

tle Girls and One Good Cop?"

With Disney horror stories in wide circulation, the studio's reputation as the best-run outfit in Hollywood is beginning to tarnish. During the negotiations over the studio's purchase of Henson, the Henson forces regularly referred to Disney's negotiating strategy as "bad cop—Antichrist."

A CAA literary agent says that among screenwriters, Disney has become the studio of last resort for submissions. And most of the agent's established writers won't even consider taking on a Disney project for fear of being asked to rewrite draft after draft. "They're not getting the high-quality projects anymore," says the agent. "Every writer knows they run the risk of being replaced. But who wants to take a precious idea someplace where [being replaced] is virtually guaranteed?"

Nor are people in Hollywood enamored of Disney's skinflintism. "It's the very last place I'd want to set up a project," says an Oscar-winning producer who is not Julia Phillips. "They nickel and dime you to death on everything and second-guess every decision you make. And then there's the problem with their profit definition: the way they've written their standard contracts, there is no such thing as profit. Who needs the aggravation?"

While some pin the blame for Disney's current crop of failures directly on studio president Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg, others say the fault lies with the way his crown princes, Hollywood Pictures president Ricardo Mestres (who once advised a screenwriter, "Don't be original") and Touchstone president David Hober-



"If a film opens with a talking horse while you're in development, they'll try to get a talking horse into your script"

man, try to appease him. "Jeff's only as good as the material he gets to work with," says one producer. "But you get the feeling that when [Mestres and Hoberman] get up in the morning and comb their hair, the first question they ask is, 'Will Jeff like the way it's combed?' They buy on fear, not instinct." Another producer is more charitable toward Mestres and Hoberman but doesn't let them off the hook. "I believe them when they say they're only interested in buying good stories," the producer says, "but the problem is, they need good stories that can grab Jeff's notoriously short attention span in under ten seconds. So no matter what, you end up with high-concept, patched-together junk."

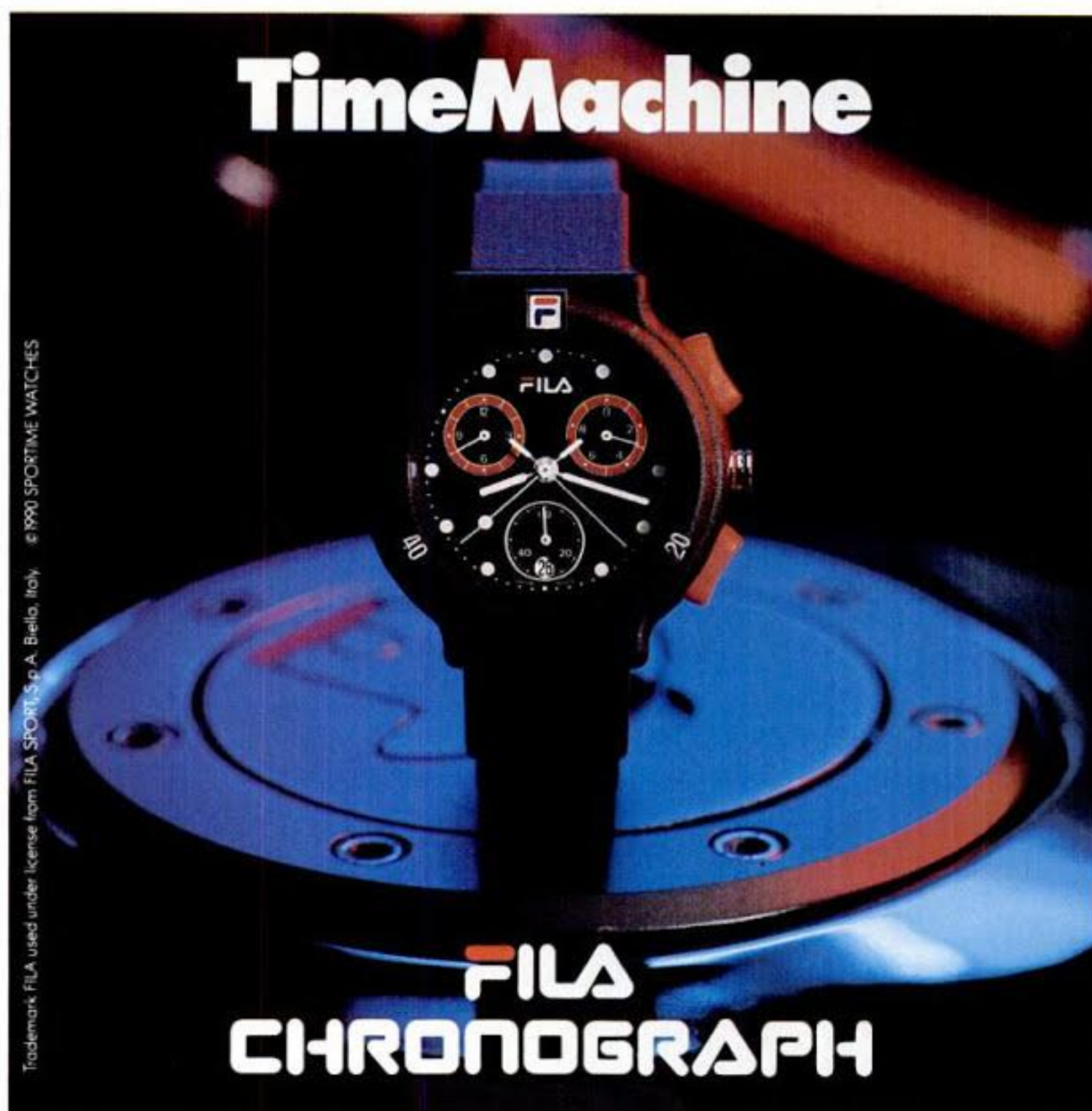
"In the end everything has to go through the committees," says a producer who recently attended a 7:30 breakfast meeting at Katzenberg's house to which Katzenberg arrived late. (He was out having a first breakfast meeting at a restaurant in Beverly Hills.) "I guarantee [Disney's recent] deal with Don [Simpson] and Jerry [Bruckheimer] will blow up in less than a year. They just won't be able to fight the Disney system."

Even the marketing and distribution people, historically fans of Disney's theater-packing hits, are grouching. "Disney is killing itself with its trailers," complains one Disney distribution executive. "In the old days, coming attractions were just supposed to titillate your interest. But Jeff insists on putting every damn joke and every damn story point in the trailers. So when you're dealing with what are essentially one-joke high-concept films, people feel as if they don't have to see the film after they've seen the coming attraction. They already know what's going to happen."

Inside the overwrought new administration building, however, the future is not so predictable. A common belief is that someone with a big office in the new building will have to take the blame for all this. And if the current in-house betting is at all reliable, that person will be Ricardo "El Groovo" Mestres, this summer.

See you Monday night at Mortons.

—Celia Brady

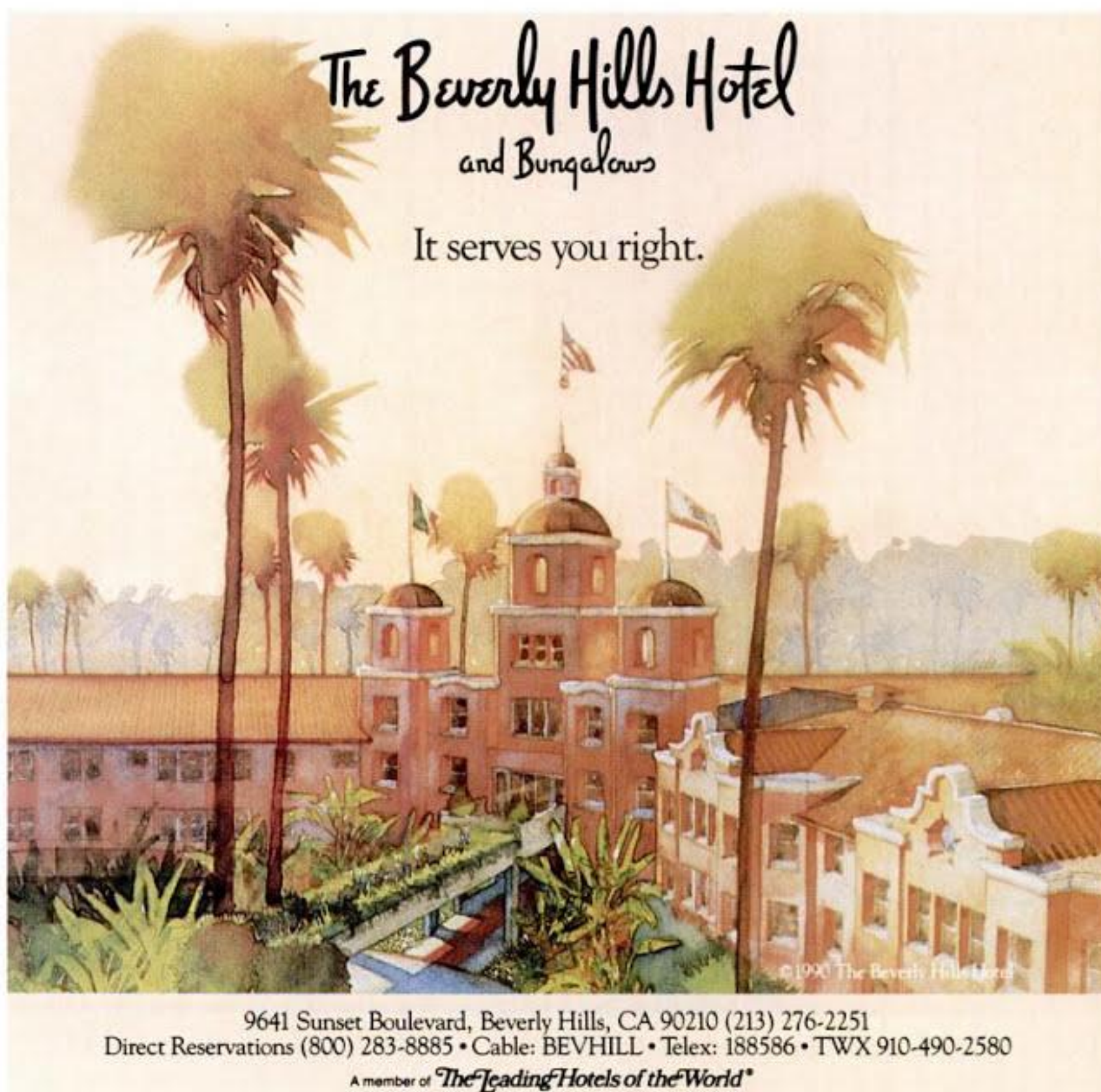


TimeMachine

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CHRONOGRAPH



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Grody to the Max

That increasingly engaging New York daily you've seen people reading on the subway lately isn't *Newsday* or the revived *Daily News*—it's the *Times*, which against all odds may actually be succeeding in its carefully orchestrated effort to become more lively and user-friendly. The expanded sports coverage is the most obvious improvement. It's nearly on a par with the *Post*'s editorially and *USA Today*'s graphically, and is a satisfying read to anyone but the most slugging-percentage-obsessed Rotisserie League dweeb. Similarly improved is the Metropolitan News section. It has become not only a venue for some of the best writing in the paper but also an arresting chronicle of New York City's fiscal and spiritual decline. And the addition of the chirpy but not-altogether-unpleasant critic David Richards to the Sunday Arts & Leisure pages may relieve some of the tensions between chief theater critic Frank Rich and the theater community.

All of this should be cause for celebration for executive editor Max Frankel, who, like Mikhail Gorbachev, inherited a large, gray, doctrinaire organization from a tubby predecessor and set about loosening it from its hobbles. But like Gorby, Max is spending what should be his salad days in an unprecedentedly antagonistic climate, with many detractors calling for his head: outside the *Times*, the same critics who complained about the paper's stolid prose and rigid outlook on the world are now ridiculing its attempts to liven up; inside the *Times*, staff members are up in arms over Fox Butterfield's infamous profile of the Kennedy-Palm Beach rape accuser and the editors' subsequent attempts to distance themselves from both that story and Maureen Dowd's page-1 preview of Kitty Kelley's Nancy Reagan biography.

As it turns out, the paper's editors read only the first few paragraphs of Butterfield's piece and, after minimal discussion of its merits and drawbacks, passed it on for publication. Similar circumstances surrounded Dowd's story, which was characteristically witty and well crafted but came under criticism for repeating some of Kel-

ley's wildest accusations as if they were reliable fact. Apparently neither media editor Marty Arnold, Washington-bureau chief Howell Raines, weekend editor John Darnton nor managing editor Joseph Lelyveld read any more than the first few paragraphs of the story—the ones that would appear on the front page—before signing off on it. All in all, astoundingly casual treatment of a story that effectively accused a former first lady of committing adultery in the White House.

At the staffwide meeting called by Frankel to placate employees outraged over the Palm Beach story, the *Times* chief would admit to no executive-level wrongdoing. Standing before the 300 employees in attendance—plus members of the paper's D.C. bureau, who listened in by audio hookup—Frankel asserted that Dowd's piece was “not up to our standards,” at which point she stormed out of the Washington office

and threatened to quit. The next day, Lelyveld, recognizing what the paper he will soon take over stood to lose, sent Dowd flowers—patronizing? *Nah*—and set about bringing her back into the fold.

As the concurrent brouhahas raged on, Lelyveld groped for encouragement. At a book party for *Times* colum-

nist Anna Quindlen hosted by *Vanity Fair* editor Tina Brown and her husband, Random House editorial chief Harry Evans, Lelyveld fretted openly, at one point responding to muted praise for the Kelley story by saying, out of Frankel's earshot, *Thanks—the old farts are giving me grief about it.*

While Frankel and Lelyveld hobnobbed with the mandarins of the glamour-lit world, publisher Punch Sulzberger was busy seeing that Eric Lax's new biography of Woody Allen got the *Times*'s red-carpet treatment. Several unauthorized biographies of Allen have been written in the past, and this one, written with more cooperation than usual from the filmmaker, does, to be fair, represent a step forward in the ongoing enterprise of Allen scholarship. But given the *Times*'s full-throttle promo package for the book—a cover-story excerpt in the *Times Magazine*, a flattering front-

page review in the Book Review, “editors' choice” recommendations in the next two weeks' Book Reviews, not to mention a book party thrown in Lax's honor at Mortimer's by Sulzberger and attended by Frankel, Lelyveld, Abe “I'm Writing As Bad As I Can” Rosenthal and other *Times* worthies—you'd think that Lax's book was the pseudonymous return of Salinger to pen and paper. And given the tepid notices accorded the

book elsewhere—Jonathan Yardley of *The Washington Post* wasn't too impressed, for example—one is moved to wonder, *Hey, who is this Eric Lax guy, anyway?* Lax, you see, is a freelance writer who has written on culture for the *Times* in the past. He also happens to be Punch Sulzberger's son-in-law.

—J. J. Hunsecker



Maureen

When Frankel asserted that Dowd's piece was “not up to our standards,” she stormed out of the office and threatened to quit

ESPACE



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Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

Whatever is a big-time Hollywood producer to do when he returns from vacation to discover that \$3 million worth of his wife's jewelry has been stolen by a temporary worker at his estate? If he's wacky **Jerry Weintraub**, he calls not only the police but Fox chairman **Barry Diller**. Diller's network airs *America's Most Wanted*, and Weintraub, demonstrating the singularly Californian trait of wanting a professional camera crew to invade his home, asked his industry colleague, *Couldn't you reenact the robbery of my house on your show?* Sure enough, a retinue of *America's Most Wanted* flunkies went to work on a segment about the heist. Somehow, word of these preparations reached the suspect, who'd fled to Amsterdam; apparently unable to live with the knowledge that he was soon to be the target of millions of bounty-minded TV viewers, he returned to L.A. to turn himself in, more than a week before the segment was scheduled to air. The producers, having spent substantial money and effort on a suspenseful, open-ended segment, were forced instead to air a strange, brief summary of the crime's occurrence and solution.

2

A recent *Fortune* magazine feature determined, according to a complex formula, whether 200 CEOs' take-home pay for 1990 was commensurate with their companies' performance and found that the most overpaid corporate chief in America is, of all people, **Steve Ross**—chairman of Time Warner, which publishes *Fortune*. An accompanying table listed the 85 next-most-overpaid CEOs. Curiously, Ross's cochairman, Time Inc. holdover **Nicholas J. Nicholas**, was not included on the list, even though a teeny-tiny footnote reported financial data on Nicholas that should have placed him at No. 9 (one notch above Bear Stearns's **Ace Greenberg**). As it turns out, an earlier draft of the story had Nicholas properly inserted; but when the story was



Barry



Slash



Dick

routed to Time Warner's executive offices, the new, fudged, Nicholas-friendly table resulted.

3

When Simon & Schuster dictator **Richard Snyder** failed to appear last spring at a PEN fundraising gala of which he was cochairman, many revelers speculated that he'd been fired. Spokespeople promptly announced that no, Dick had suddenly been called out of town to visit his ailing mother. This explanation has turned out to be an outright lie: Snyder was in fact tooling around the Galápagos Islands with conglomerateur **Saul Steinberg** and his wife, **Gayfryd**—who, it's worth recalling, were PEN's most active sponsors until their highly publicized split from the organization last year.

4

On a warm evening not long ago, guitarist **Slash** emerged alone from The Ritz-Carlton hotel on West 59th Street, presumably to re-oxygenate his bourbon-soaked brain. While he was swigging from a half-empty bottle of whiskey **Jim Morrison**-style, brushing his hair out of his face and trying in vain to prop himself up against the hotel's facade, a middle-aged couple walking by vaguely recognized him as some kind of celebrity. The wife shouted, "Excuse me, are you in a rock band?" Amazingly, the former junkie replied lucidly. "Yeah, Guns n' Roses," he said. "I've never heard of that band," parried the skeptical matron. Slash produced a small duffel bag bearing the band's logo, pointed to it and said, "Look: *Guns n' Roses*." The woman, still not entirely satisfied, asked, "So who would that make *you*?" "Slash!" the guitarist replied, annoyed but still helpful. "I'm *Slash*, man!" At that point, a handler came out of the hotel's lobby and piloted the guitarist back in. ☛



On Second Thought, Chief Gates, *Please Stay*

If you were appalled by America's Scariest Home Video, starring the LAPD, look at these excerpts from *The True Masculine Role*, a series of instructional audiotapes recorded by LAPD assistant chief Robert "Jesus Bob" Vernon for his church. A 36-year veteran of the force, Vernon was the runner-up for Gates's job in 1978. And he's the man likely to take over if and when Gates goes. (In our helpful way, we've provided the questions.)

What is the role of the police officer?

"Romans 13 calls police officers 'ministers of God.' Not too many cops know that....The same verse says, 'And he doesn't bear the sword in vain.' Now, in those days they didn't have guns, so it's a sword, but that's a deadly weapon....So there in the New Testament is kind of a blessing given upon the use of deadly force where necessary."

What was Jesus really like?

"Jesus was—as I like to say—a big moose...[not] a little twinkie....He was a masculine guy."

What does it mean to be masculine?

"Not only is man to rule over the world, the animals and everything here, but he's to rule over women....And I am convinced, because God has said women's role is to be submissive, that they really want, underneath it all, for you to be the decision-maker.... Wives ought to be subject to their husbands *in everything*. That includes physical relationships."

What about kids?

"You've seen babies. Their face gets all red and they scream if they can't have their bottle. And...if they had enough strength to pull the trigger on a gun if they had one, they'd use it. They'd

kill you right there....All children are born delinquent."

How do you handle juvenile delinquency?

"I've spanked boys as old as 16 or 17....I mean I hit 'em with a boat oar.... I tell them, 'If you use drugs, I'm gonna spank you with a boat oar.' But I don't do that with girls once they start puberty....If you feel funny about this, bring your child into the station, and I'll supervise this. I'll hold him for you....I've done that many times." ☛

The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Ballad of an Ultra-slim Man: The

Juvenilia of Jann Wenner
Lately, when *Rolling Stone* founder-editor-publisher Jann Wenner has had to speak in public, he has been scripted by Kurt Loder or Anthony DeCurtis or someone else he has employed. But that wasn't always the case. As Robert Draper reported in *Rolling Stone Magazine: The Uncensored History*, Wenner, while an undergraduate at Berkeley in 1966, personally wrote a column for the student

newspaper. And what writing it was! Thus, while Draper ran only a few bits of Wenner's prose, we're treating ourselves to some lengthier excerpts.

The column—called *Something's Happening*, and written under the pseudonym Mr. Jones—was generally devoted to the Bay Area music scene. As a tout, Wenner had moments high ("The group which...will make it the biggest is the Grateful Dead") and low ("Sopwith Camel will probably be going very good places"). He indulged in political commentary ("One of these days Lyndon Johnson is going to try to find out why the 'leaders of tomorrow' ►

Topsy-turvy



Contract Players.

Illustration by Steve Brodner

I'm in a Sirloin State of Mind

are hung up on LSD instead of LBJ") and shared news with music fans ("There is a Highway 61 which goes from St. Paul to Hibbing"; "Many people, especially males, are going around claiming that the Stones, in particular Mick Jagger, are fags....When he gets married there will probably be more disappointed males than females").

But while offering these fairly lucid ruminations, a trippier Wenner frequently went *freewheelin'* to write the adventures of Blue Ned and his pals. Portions of those columns follow. (Note: it may help to do your Dylan imitation while reading this material.)

February 17, 1966:

"Again I sit here waiting for the train which usually comes in wearing mama's pajamas. But the station isn't where it will be anymore. P.J. is peddling sparklers made of once-was varicose veins at the camp follower's cookie sale. She tossed a yellow brick through his eye and he doesn't hear so good since then. And Blue Ned, who was raised in a bed of economy size toothpicks, told me I hadn't better check in too early or Dad will be down here in a green flash looking for my golden sister who ran away at his one-armed anthropodiatrist....

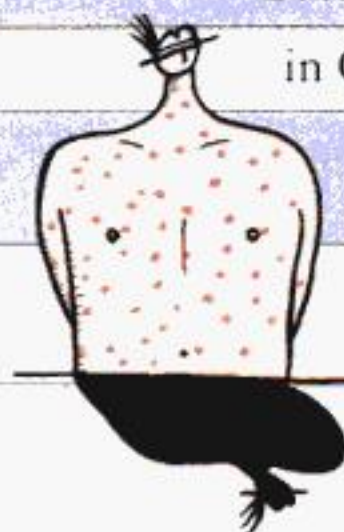
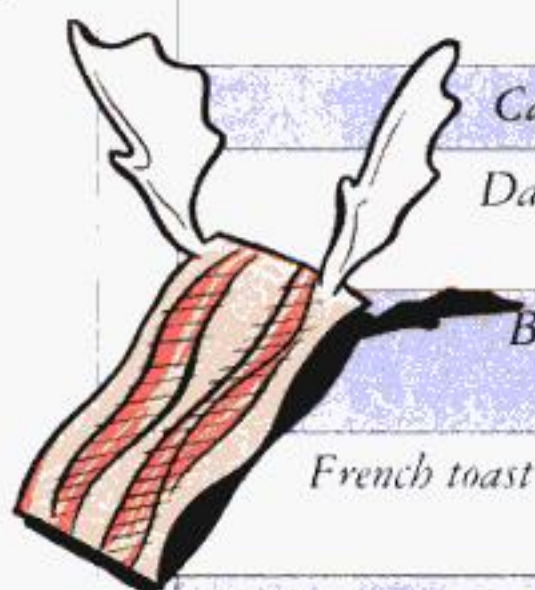
"'Thanks a lot,' says Ned in a manner quite trim, 'It's only tomorrow that I had intercourse with Jim.' Jim, Jim, who learned to be slim, no one remembered where I went with him. But that was everywhere when the grass was brown, with eigh- ▶

The Russians call any handy, self-service establishment an *amerikanka*, but when did you ever hear anyone call a line at the token booth a *russki*? In language, unlike in arithmetic, there is not necessarily commutativity.

We can slap a foreign country's name on anything we want, thereby absolving ourselves of blame for, say, German measles. But you can bet that those in the eponymous country will have their own very different word for it. (Inexplicably, we didn't try to evade culpability for American cheese. Even more surprising, though, is the discovery that in Canada, American cheese is known as Canadian cheese. It might be considered a defining trait of the Canadian character that they wish to take credit for this.) Some expressions get bounced around the globe like verbal garbage barges, rejected and renamed at every stop. A few examples:

in the U.S., it's called <i>Canadian doubles</i> (two against one in tennis)	in Canada, it's called <i>Australian doubles</i>
in Canada, it's <i>Australian doubles</i>	in Australia, <i>American doubles</i>
in the U.S., it's <i>English</i> (spin on a pool ball)	in England, <i>side</i>
<i>Roman candle</i>	in Rome, <i>fuoco di Bengala</i> , or "Bengalese fire"
<i>turkey</i>	in Turkey, <i>hindi</i>
<i>New York steak</i>	in New York, <i>shell steak</i> or <i>sirloin steak</i>
<i>Canadian bacon</i>	in Canada, <i>back bacon</i>
<i>Danish pastry</i>	in Denmark, <i>Wiener brød</i> , or "Vienna bread"; in Vienna, <i>Golatsche</i>
<i>Brazil nut</i>	in Brazil, <i>castanha do Para</i> , or "Para nut," after the Brazilian state of Para
<i>French toast</i>	in France, <i>pain perdu</i> , or "lost bread" (in Delhi, incidentally, it's <i>Bombay toast</i>)
<i>French horn</i>	in France, <i>cor d'harmonie</i> , or "harmony horn"
<i>French letter</i> (old British colloquialism for "condom")	in France, <i>capote anglaise</i> or "English hood"
<i>French leave</i> (old British colloquialism for slipping away without saying goodbye)	in France, <i>filer à l'anglaise</i> , or "English leave"
<i>montagnes russes</i> (French for "roller coaster"; literally, "Russian mountains")	in Russia, <i>amerikanskiye gorki</i> , or "American mountains"
<i>bohemian</i>	in Bohemia, Czechoslovakia, artists and nonconformists are referred to as <i>Bobémskýs</i> , or "bohemians"
<i>German measles</i>	in Germany, <i>Röteln</i> , or "many red spots"
<i>"It's Greek to me"</i>	in Greece, <i>είναι κινέζικα</i> , or "It's Chinese to me"

—Andy Aaron





THE BOHEMIAN SPIRIT.
NOT TOO HARD TO SPOT.



Bohemia
JUDGED THE BEST

teen eyebrows and a golden frown...."

March 3: "Fat Folks from Alumni City, Iowa wander through the station nothing [sic] yellow freaks sampling stop lights in left-handed smiles. 'Ah yes,' they declare, 'it's not here where steaks are processed.' A one-eared pickaninny who lost his other one while turning cartwheels on Montgomery Street grabs a Fat Folks' tie and summarily garrotes R. J. Snicker-snacker who left behind him a fortune in beaded purses...."

March 17: "Blue Ned dropped in on me in-between [sic] broad midnight and the stroke of daytime. This happens nearly seventeen days every fourteen minute quantum span, making it a wonder of cataclysmic orgasmics that he is left-handed and blue-eyed. 'I see by the green ring hanging on your third wing, that smiles aside you're going to be a hypnotic bride.'"

March 24: "There is a vampire who...has only one eye, its eleventh one. Blue Ned had heard of the eleventh eye but had never seen it come from the night to reflect, refract, select, subtract, correct, attack, dissect, retract, find the lack and see the black...."

"We came to Paradise drive, a windy street which leads to the ocean....The Vampire was thinking at 78 miles per hour 'Hair-raising turns...midnight burns...even the fool learns...forget sinny [sic] concerns...recall the ▶"

A Brief History of Television

"Happy Birthday to Me"

May 11, 1953

I LOVE LUCY (CBS) Lucy's birthday is no party when she fears everyone has forgotten it.

March 20, 1958

THE REAL McCOYS (ABC) Gramps's birthday is no party when he fears everyone has forgotten it.

November 18, 1967

PETTICOAT JUNCTION (CBS) Kate's birthday is no party when she fears Steve and Betty Jo have forgotten it.

December 16, 1968

MAYBERRY, R.F.D. (CBS) Emmett's 50th birthday is no party when he fears he's getting old.

January 13, 1973

THE BOB NEWHART SHOW (CBS) Carol's 29th birthday is no party when she fears something is missing in her life.

January 16, 1973

MAUDE (CBS) Walter's 50th birthday is no party when he fears he's getting old.

December 22, 1973

THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW (CBS) Lou's birthday is no party when he gets an unwanted surprise.

October 28, 1975

HAPPY DAYS (ABC) Howard's 45th

birthday is no party when he fears something is missing in his life.

May 14, 1981

MORK & MINDY (ABC) Bickley's 50th birthday is no party when he and his guests reveal their life's regrets.

January 30, 1986

NIGHT COURT (NBC) Dan's birthday is no party when he gets an unwanted surprise.

March 13, 1986

NIGHT COURT (NBC) Florence's birthday is no party when she fears she's getting old.

April 5, 1988

MY SISTER SAM (CBS) Sam's 30th birthday is no party when she gets an unwanted surprise.

March 28, 1990

ANYTHING BUT LOVE (ABC) Hannah's 30th birthday is no party when she fears something is missing in her life.

September 24, 1990

DESIGNING WOMEN (CBS) Anthony's 30th birthday is no party when he gets an unwanted surprise.

November 26, 1990

MURPHY BROWN (CBS) Murphy's birthday is no party when she gets an unwanted surprise.

—Joseph Malgarini



Logrolling in Our Time

"I know of no other writer who is at once so funny and so unsparing; one of the most astute observers of American ways and personal muddle."

—Diane Johnson on Francine Prose's *Bigfoot Dreams*

"Brilliant....From the opening sentence one feels a shiver of menace."

—Prose on Johnson's *Persian Nights*

"A fresh and significant work of synthesis."

—Jonathan D. Spence on John King Fairbank's *The Great Chinese Revolution*

"An extraordinary tour de force, a work of literature and at the same time a remarkable wide-ranging use of historical sources."

—Fairbank on Spence's *The Memory Palace of Matteo Ricci*

—Howard Kaplan

**They Say
Life is Just Like
High School,
Only With
More Money.**

spy high.

a

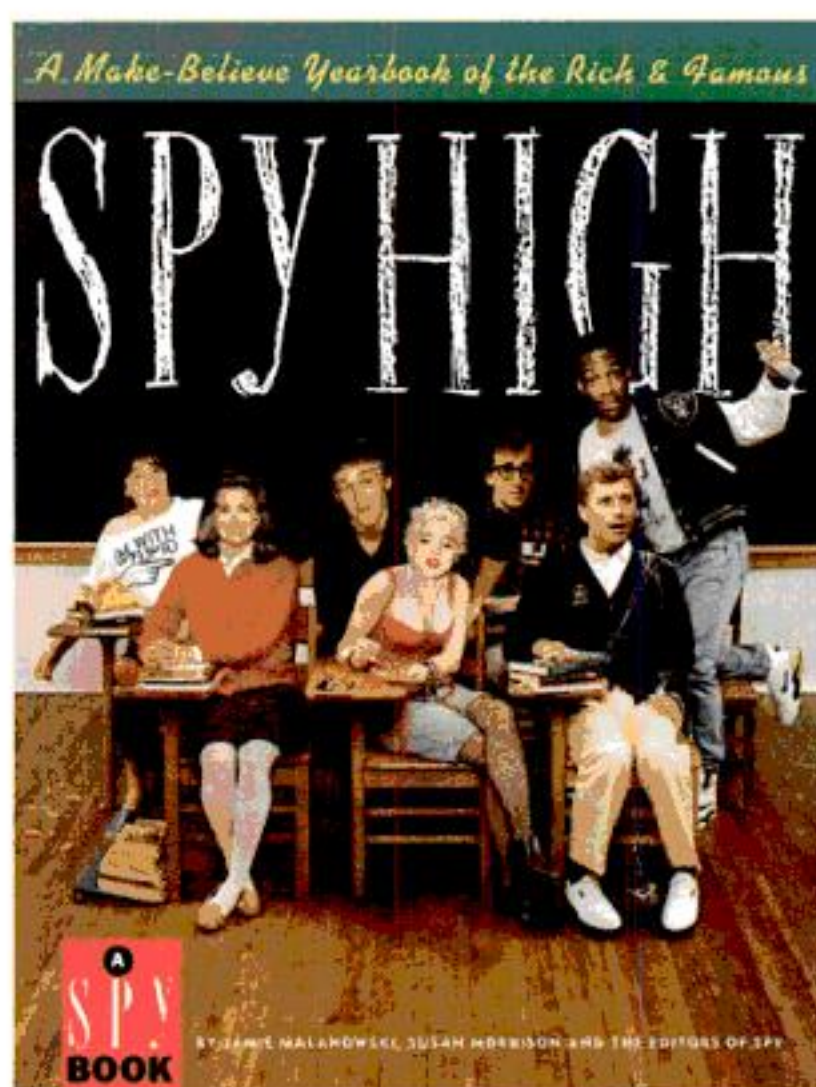
make-believe

yearbook

of the

rich and

famous.



at bookstores.

SPY BOOKS / DOUBLEDAY

gold vest...wild-haired Vicki was the best...watch your bedroom guest, lest...' Suddenly there appeared, in the middle of the road, a crucifix made from ancient phonecian [sic] hot-dogs. 'Is it not,' Blue Ned thought 'my own plot?'

March 31: "The Little Rascals are on vacation this week...but Blue Ned, P.J., Uncle Arrogant, Cosmic Carl, Aware Blair and Basement Sue will all be back next week."

May 12: "It was merely a lonely day after he vanished when Nowhere Man reappeared disguised as himself. Himself once wore a whispering mask named Blue Ned...who was in fact simultaneously a strikingly typical example of No-where Man and...a bored imagination; Both at once. No-where. Neverwas, Notnow. Nottobe. World without End; People without Names; Friends without Friendship."

Wenner went on to have a successful career in publishing.



Pulitzer Update

During a year in which he was accused of anti-Semitism and neo-isolationism, Patrick Buchanan thought enough of his work to enter himself for a Pulitzer. He did not win. ☹

Datebook Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

JULY

4 Independence Day. One of many, actually, in the Americas this summer: Canada's is the 1st, Venezuela's is to-

bia's the 20th, Peru's the 28th, Ecuador's August 10, and Trinidad and Tobago's August 31. Like us, the citizens of these countries hold festive celebrations to commemorate their freedom from European colonialism. Unlike us, the natives of these coun-

tomorrow, Argentina's is the 9th, Colom-

tries are in-different to Lee Greenwood and refrain from competitive egg-tossing. **6** The Tree-Mendus Fruit Farm of Eau Claire, Michigan, holds a cherry-pit-spitting contest. Not only do the contest's organizers promulgate bad manners, but they ask entrants to spit the pits *onto a black-top surface*, where they will never become new cherry trees. Send your letter of outrage to Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan at the Interior Building, 1849 C Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20240.

7 The cruise liner SS *Meridian* embarks on a seven-day "Players and Fans" voyage from New York to Bermuda with present and former New York Islanders Patrick Flatley, Bobby Nystrom and Clark Gilles, in what could perhaps be the first of many Mediocre Sports Team Fantasy Cruises: Guadeloupe with the '76 Mets, the Cayman Islands with the '79 Giants, Martinique with the '91 Knicks....

12 Van Cliburn, a semiretired pianist

whom nobody under 35 has ever heard of, turns 57. The *Times* runs the first of three front-page feature articles in a series called "Distant Applause: Van Cliburn at 57."

AUGUST

5 Harlem Weeks, a two-week celebration of Harlem's cultural legacy, gets under way. With characteristic oratorical fervor, guest speaker Mayor Dinkins declares Harlem "a large urban neighborhood populated for the most part, historically speaking, by African Americans."

14 David Crosby turns 50. His cardiovascular system turns 86.

24 The Au-

Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews by Walter

Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

THE DOCTOR, starring William Hurt, Elizabeth Perkins (Buena Vista) ☹☹☹☹

Walter Monheit says, "Hey, Oscar, watch where you stick that thing—Hurt's so good! Better take my temperature, Liz—I think I'm comin' down with whoofing cough!"

REGARDING HENRY, starring Harrison Ford (Paramount) ☹☹☹☹

Walter Monheit says, "Memo to Oscar, re: Harrison Ford, VP of Star Quality, Smoldering Division. Please transfer to the podium, effective immediately!"

BODY PARTS, starring Jeff Fahey (Paramount) ☹☹☹

Walter Monheit says, "Autopsy-turvy terror that dang near sprung this reviewer's mortal coil! Come Oscar time, *Body's* in the bag!"

POINT BREAK, starring Patrick Swayze, Keanu Reeves (20th Century Fox)

Walter Monheit says, "Oscar's putting out an all-Points bulletin for this Keanu-feel-the-heat winner! Welcome to those lazy, hazy, Swayze days of summer!"

What the monacles mean: ☹☹☹ — excellent;
☹☹☹☹ — indisputably a classic



The Mob Can't Drive 55

Like any job, driving the head of a major Mafia family has its good points and its bad points. On the plus side, the chauffeur learns firsthand how to run a crime syndicate and has a unique opportunity to brownnose his way into the upper echelons of management. Vincent "the Chin" Gigante, for example, the endlessly entertaining crime boss who strolls through the streets of



Big Paul, R.I.P.

SoHo in his bathrobe and slippers, once chauffeured Don Vito Genovese, namesake of the family that Gigante now purportedly runs. On the negative side, being a Mafia chauffeur—or hanging around Mafia vehicles in general—is a rather less secure position than, say, staff-

ing the Express Mail window at the post office.

This is particularly true if one is a chauffeur in the Gambino family, the organization allegedly headed by John Gotti. Thomas Bilotti, who was the chauffeur for Gotti's predecessor, Paul Castellano, and who was often considered to possess donlike leadership potential himself, had his career ended, along with his life, during the murder of Big Paul outside Sparks steak house in midtown Manhattan in 1985. Then, a few months later, after Gotti was promoted, his top aide, Frank DeCicco, died when a remote-control bomb exploded in his Buick. And this past April someone unloaded a .380 into Gotti's most recent driver, Bartholomew "Big Bobby" Borriello, as he stepped out of a Lincoln Town Car.

One theory has it that Gotti had sanctioned the rubout himself. Common sense would seem to contradict this theory, for among Gotti's intimates, men whose driving records would qualify them as worthy chauffeurs are scarce.

Not long ago, there would have been a lot of contenders. Unfortunately, two of them, John's brother Gene Gotti and Tony "the Roach" Rampino, are serving time for dealing heroin. Another, Wilfred "Willie Boy" Johnson, Gotti's childhood friend, was shot and killed as he walked toward his black Mercury, parked outside his house. And Edward Lino, a major

heroin dealer, was murdered as he drove his wife's Mercedes-Benz along the Belt Parkway near Coney Island.

Remarkably, there are now *no members of Gotti's circle who are suitable replacements for Borriello*. One valued associate, Jack "the Nose" D'Amico, has been convicted of running a red light, indicating that he lacks the appropriate sense of highway courtesy necessary to maneuver John Gotti around town. Dominic Borghese, another possibility, has been convicted of running a stoplight and disobeying a traffic signal.

What about within Gotti's literal family? Well, the Don's nephew Peter Gotti Jr., whose father is known to fellow mobsters as the Retard, has been cited for disobeying a traffic sign and running red lights. Similarly, John Gotti Jr. was convicted of running five red lights before his license was revoked in March 1990. He has been convicted of driving without insurance or without a license 12 times. This is something of a familial tendency: John Sr. has been convicted of driving while impaired (1984) and of running a red light (1989).

There is, however, one driver in the Gambino family who has an unblemished driving record and who is still alive—Salvatore "Sam the Bull" Gravano, who allegedly drove the getaway car after the Castellano hit (and drove it *safely*, let's not forget). Unfortunately, he is Gotti's co-defendant on charges stemming from Big Paul's murder. Should Gotti be exonerated and Gravano convicted, the city's best-dressed plumbing-supplies salesman might have to take the trip from the federal courthouse back to Ozone Park by bus. —John Brodie



"THINS" WALLER AND "BRAN MUFFIN" MORTON

Nixonmania

Part I: The Richard Nixon Library—

You've taken 91 East from L.A. to Imperial Highway and followed the signs to Yorba Linda Boulevard. You turn left, passing an ugly white-and-blue strip mall and noticing what looks like another mall a little farther ahead. But wait. This one is made of pink sandstone, and it has flagpoles and—*hey*, here it is, right across from Gold Country Escrow! The one-year-old Richard Nixon Library & Birthplace. Any questions?

How much did it cost?

The official figure is \$21-million. It was built and is operated by hard-core Nixon supporters who can't accept the

fact that their man is going to be remembered as the president who resigned in disgrace and there's nothing they can do about it. Think of it as a theme park, with the themes being resentment, paranoia and self-pity.

What happened to the *Milhous*?

It used to be his first name that caused trouble—*Dick* was bad enough, but its pairing with *Tricky* was especially unfortunate—so he stuck to *Richard* to win the White House. Then the last name became problematic. His 1972 campaign used the slogan "Reelect the president" instead of something with *Nixon* in it, because former adman H. R. Haldeman reportedly believed the public reacted badly to the letter *x* (a universal symbol, after all, for incorrectness, poison and dirty movies).

And now *Milhous* has been purged, along with the *M.* that represented it so well. This newest Nixon—designed for posterity—has just two names. Or rather, two initials, since the exhibits are festooned with references to one "RN." Anyone who remembers JFK and LBJ knows that no such affectionate nicknomenclature attached itself to the unlovable con-

man being honored here. But his

benefactors are now trying to sneak him past history's guardians as the sleek and *x*-less statesman RN. It won't work, boys. We know who he is.

Do we need to look at everything?

Absolutely not. The life-size bronze statues of world leaders—don't climb on them, kids!—are worth a few moments, and the campaign paraphernalia (Nixon belts, Nixon

on ice cream wrappers) is delightful, as is the Colt .45 that was a gift from Elvis. But the Alger Hiss typewriter isn't *really* the Alger Hiss

typewriter, and the pumpkin (of course) isn't really *that* pumpkin, and the text blocks that fill the exhibit cases are *utterly* ignorable. Let's face it, though—you're not making the trek to Yorba Linda to read about the China trip.

Why are we going there?

► To learn the truth about Watergate. See, Nixon *wasn't the villain!* The real bad guys were his enemies, who "ruthlessly exploited" his "misjudgments" to "further their own purely political goals."

► To listen to the White House tapes. Or, rather, tape, since funds needed for two others have been diverted for a series of temporary exhibits (such as the oil paintings of Dwight Eisenhower) and a possible expansion of the Pat Nixon gown display. The only tape available—and brutally edited, at that—is the June 23, 1972, "smoking gun" conversation, in which Nixon tells Haldeman to block the FBI investigation of the Watergate break-in of six days before. The disclosure of

this tape led directly to Nixon's resignation, but it turns out it shouldn't have. "The so-called smoking gun is not what it once appeared to be," a narrator on the tape explains. "The complete record shows that no obstruction of justice—no Watergate cover-up—occurred as a result of that June 23 conversation."

► To play with the Presidential Forum. It's a video jukebox where you pick the questions (from a menu of hundreds), and the appropriate Nixon responses are called up on the screen. Why, it's as if you're interviewing him yourself!

How did he feel when Kennedy was sworn in? Surprisingly cheerful, considering there was "strong evidence" the election had been "stolen."

Why didn't he burn the Watergate tapes? He got "bad advice" from "well-intentioned lawyers" who had the "cockeyed notion that I would be destroying evidence."

What was Watergate, anyway? "I think we should indicate...what it was *not*. No one was killed at Watergate....No election was affected or stolen by it, as some believe the election of 1960 was stolen."

Oh, and don't forget to ask him about food. His most memorable meal? "In 1953 we were in Vietnam, and I contracted a virus infection that affected my stomach. We then went to Hong Kong...[where the] Chamber of Commerce gave us a forty-course Chinese dinner which we had to sit through. I was suffering from nausea and diarrhea. I will never know how I got through it."

Is this the only shrine to an odious president located in southern California?

As of now, yes, but the Ronald Reagan library is due to open in Ventura County in November.

—Paul Slansky



STIFFS: four U.S. presidents and their bronze-tone peers

NIXON SLEPT HERE: the lovingly reconstructed birthplace



Nixonmania Part II: Is Ann B. Davis Rose Mary Woods?

We knew that it was much more than a hunch—the similarities between our favorite television family and the life and times of our 37th president were too uncanny to be coincidence, despite the fact that there was never an episode in which Greg and Marcia drunkenly engaged Henry Kissinger in prayer.

—Andrew Milner








Richard Milhous Nixon	The Brady Bunch
Nixon has five letters	Brady has five letters
Presidency began in 1969	Series began in 1969
Presidency ended in August 1974	Series ended in August 1974
Native southern Californian	Native southern Californians
Returned to TV in 1977 (with David Frost)	Returned to TV in 1977 (with <i>Brady Bunch Hour</i>)
Staged early-1980s comeback (with <i>The Real War</i>)	Staged early-1980s comeback (with <i>The Brady Brides</i>)
Another comeback in 1990 (<i>In the Arena</i> , <i>Time</i> cover, library opening)	Another comeback in 1990 (<i>The Bradys</i>)
Six Crises	Six children
Was lawyer in previous job	Mike Brady was lawyer in previous job (on <i>The Defenders</i>)
Big football fan	Greg star of Westdale High grid team
Secretly taped conversations in White House, 1971	Peter secretly taped conversations in house, 1971
Pat Nixon referred to as "Lonely Lady" of San Clemente	Carol Brady referred to as "lovely lady" in theme song
First secretary of Defense gruff but tolerable Melvin Laird	Gruff but lovable Sam the butcher played by Allan Melvin
Had a beloved dog, Checkers	Had a beloved dog, Tiger
Hugged by Sammy Davis Jr.	Marcia hugged by Desi Arnaz Jr.



Seventy-six Trombones—and Gary Sandy, Too!

Our Second Annual Guide to Summer Theater USA

If ever Bob Goulet were to leave us, it wouldn't be in springtime; it would be during the summer theater season, thanks to CBS's picking up his new pilot, *Make My Day*, about a celebrity sheriff. Sadly, too, the Barbi Benton production of *Dames at Sea* will have closed by the time you read this. But no cause for alarm—many other Benton- and Goulet-caliber superstars will be hitting the Straw Hat Trail this summer. The highlights:

-  Rich Little, in an homage to Sid Caesar, stars as Belle Schlumpfort's six beaux in *Little Me*; The Music Circus, Sacramento, July 15–21
-  Eve "Jan Brady" Plumb stars as Nellie Forbush in *South Pacific*; Falmouth Playhouse, North Falmouth, Massachusetts; July 24–August 11
-  Debby Boone plays Esther Smith, the role immortalized by Judy Garland, in *Meet Me in St. Louis*; The Music Hall at Fair Park, Dallas, July 16–28
-  Gary "WKRP" Sandy is Professor Harold Hill in *The Music Man*; Falmouth Playhouse, August 14–September 1
-  Alan Young, who played Wilbur on *Mr. Ed*, stars in *No, No, Nanette*; The Benedum Center, Pittsburgh, July 9–14

—John Brodie

Separated at Birth?



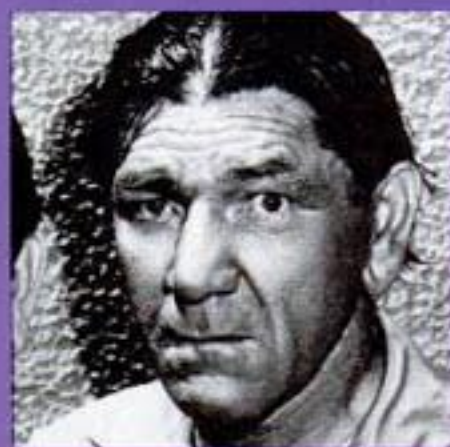
Arnold Schwarzenegger...



and Randy Travis?



Daily News owner Robert Maxwell...



and The Three Stooges' Shemp Howard?



Nicaraguan president Violeta Chamorro...



and Desi Arnaz?



Southern historian Shelby Foote...



and southern musician Gregg Allman?



Jim Palmer...



and T. E. Lawrence?

You'll Never Digest Lunch in This Town Again

Naked City

It has been widely noted that *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*, the best-selling memoir by onetime movie producer Julia Phillips, is unrelentingly mean, unrelentingly self-justifying, unrelentingly smug. But Phillips is also unrelentingly queasy. It seems that her reaction to pretty nearly everything in Hollywood—success, failure, booze, drugs, sex, food—was nausea.

Tasting Elizabeth Taylor's cocktail after winning the Oscar for *The Sting*:

"It makes my lips curl. E-e-e-u-u-uw...bourbon. The smell makes me pukey."

Smoking her first cigarette:

"I am so nauseated that I keel over."

Dealing with her high school gym teacher:

"[She] thinks I am fucking with her. I start to vomit."

Having sex with ex-husband Michael:

"[I] threw up fifteen minutes into foreplay."

Attending a dinner party at Joan Didion's:

"By the time the main course was served I was on my knees in the bathroom throwing up."

Listening to music:

"The headache is making me sick. I think it is Bob Dylan's relentless whine in the background."

Sharing an elevator with Steven Spielberg:

"I suffer a mild nausea-high buzz."

Having Stanley Jaffe scream at her:

"Nausea takes over my conscious being. I pass out."

Attending a screening of *Taxi Driver*:

"I am halfway between high and nauseated."

Experimenting with a new drug:

"I think I have to throw up."

Spilling coke on her carpet the day she gets fired from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*:

"Nauseated, I throw myself into an ungratifying two-minute shower."

Smoking pot with Spielberg:

"I am working on a hell of a stomachache."

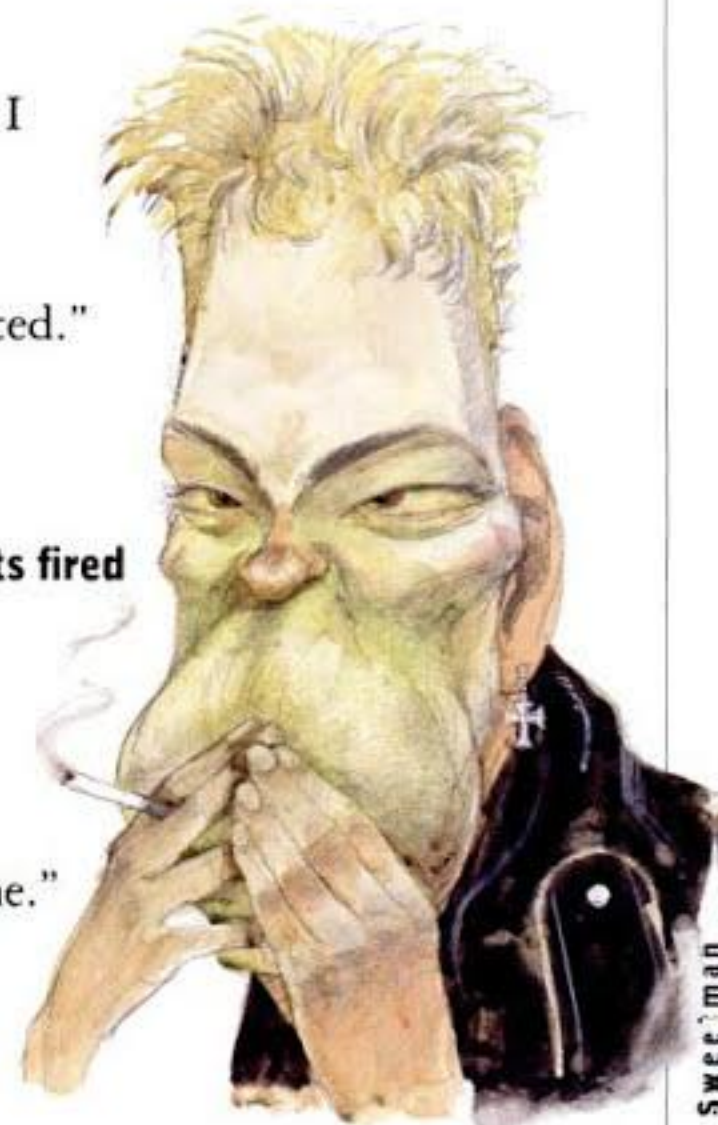
Getting arrested for possessing drugs:

"The day after, I vomit all day."

Becoming frigid in middle age (writing about herself in the third person):

"Had she gotten to the point that she hated men so much that the thought of letting one of them enter her made her want to puke?"

—Andrea Rider





COULD YOUR

GOLF CLASSIC USE SOME SPRUCING UP? NEED A V.I.P. TO DECORATE YOUR CORPORATE BOARD?

RENT-A-PRESIDENT

The Unbecoming, Very Lucrative Afterlife of Gerald R. Ford, Greeter

BRIGHT SUN GLINTED OFF THE MOCK-TYROLEAN copper chimneys of Vail, and Gerald R. Ford, the 38th president of the United States, pushed up his left sleeve to uncover his watch. Twice now, then a third time, he forced the elasticized sleeve of his purple-and-orange ski jacket up his forearm. It was a little after two, on a Wednesday last March. But the president wasn't even looking at his watch. Four times now. It seemed like a tic.

Ford walked stiffly across the elevated awards stand to get to the microphone. Below him on the blinding snow of the Beaver Creek Mountain finish area, three or four photographers snapped away. "As always, another beautiful day here in the Vail Valley," Ford said to the crowd, speaking gruffly and a bit haltingly, smoothing his still-golden hair back over his large, square head. "I can't compliment enough the competitors—it was a great day, and the winners, of course, we're very, very proud of you."

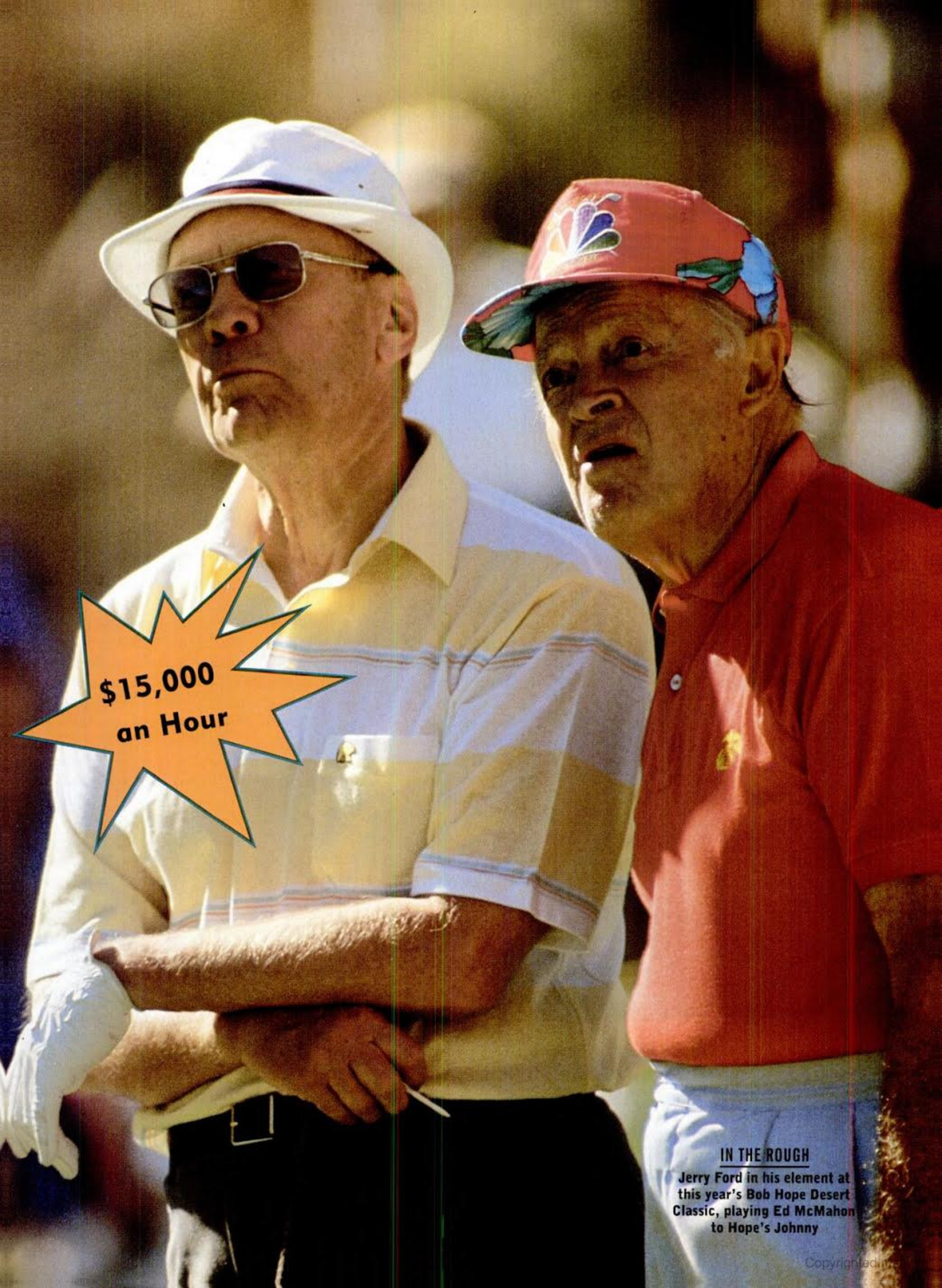
All around him the ninth annual American Ski Classic, which Ford was hosting, continued to unfold. Celebrities were everywhere. Mariel Hemingway in a trig black snowsuit. Justine Bateman in iridescent round sunglasses. Clint Eastwood in goggles. And many leading businessmen. Like the man next to Ford on the awards stand: chubby, sunburned Roland Puton, the president and CEO of American Rolex, a major sponsor of the day's events.

The awards were given out, and the dignitaries descended, stepping gingerly across the hard-packed snow. Asked what kind of watch the president was wearing, Puton looked up brightly, his red face daubed with a ghostly oval of sunscreen. "Of course a Rolex," he said. "A Rolex President."

Ah—no wonder Ford had kept flashing his watch.

Jerry Ford's willingness to lend his name and title to just about anybody who will ante up some money is one of the shabby secrets of the White House. Having gained the presidency, which he'd never sought, by two flukes (Spiro Agnew's resignation, then Richard Nixon's) and occupied it for a mere two and a half years as the only president never to have faced the national electorate, Ford has since conducted his public life in ways that often make the country's highest office seem a purely ceremonial title—not unlike the Shenandoah County Apple Queen, who boosts the county's apple crop *and* Main Street businesses. The former president is a devoted supporter of charities (and when he speaks at a hospital opening, "he won't take a nickel," says former Palm Springs mayor Frank Bogert), but his greatest energies go to businesses that need promotion. Descente, the manufacturer of the colorful parka Ford wore that day at the Ski Classic, was also a sponsor of the event. And every time he went to the microphone during the festivities, Ford, like some carnival barker, made sure to lavish public thanks on the sponsors, from U S West to Subaru to Rolex to the owners of the resort (Vail Associates) to Visa—which sponsored that week's Ford Celebrity Cup, featuring such competitors as Florence Griffith-Joyner and Kathleen Sullivan. Since leaving office, Ford has been on the boards of directors of at least 21 companies. The businesses get credibility,

by Philip Weiss



**\$15,000
an Hour**

IN THE ROUGH

Jerry Ford in his element at this year's Bob Hope Desert Classic, playing Ed McMahon to Hope's Johnny



HIDDEN IN THIS PICTURE

How many corporate sponsors of Vail's American Ski Classic can you spot on Jerry Ford?

and Ford gets lucrative consulting deals.

Ford's life of marketing the presidency is often laughable, but it would be hard to find any deep blame in his activities. It's not as if he'd used the presidency, while in it, to launch himself on his present course of influence peddling, though now that he has taken that direction, it's not clear why the American people should continue to provide him with \$3 million worth of Secret Service a year (Ford is said to require a Secret Service detail of 24 people) and the \$420,000 it costs to maintain his office. The Constitution doesn't say anything about what a former president is supposed to do. Just because Jimmy Carter wants to broker peace settlements and build homes for the poor doesn't mean anyone else has to ("I'd be a disaster [as a carpenter]", Ford once said, neatly frowning off that suggestion).

The Jerry Ford saga is most compelling as a lesson in creative American character. Departing the junky, unzoned highway of good old hucksterism, his story heads for the mountain pass of golden self-invention. Back where he came from, after all, he had been indelibly stamped with the reputation Lyndon Johnson gave him—"Jerry Ford can't walk a straight line and chew gum at the same time." No wonder he didn't want to stick around for those memories.

JERRY FORD IS HITTING GOLF BALLS AMONG THE grapefruits. He's on the Thunderbird Country Club course, which, dating from 1951, is practically the oldest institution in Rancho Mirage, California, the poshest part of Palm Springs. (It is infamous for excluding Jews, causing show business personalities like Jack Benny and Harpo Marx to found Tamarisk, across Frank Sinatra Drive.) Ford came to Rancho Mirage right after

"Mr. President, AFTER YOU MEET WORTH \$300,000 BUT \$9 MILLION," A FORMER WHITE

leaving office—first stopping at Pebble Beach to play in the Bing Crosby Pro-Am—and built a 6,500-square-foot ranch-style villa on Thunderbird's thirteenth fairway, with another house next door for the Secret Service. Two Secret Service guys are pattering along behind him now in a second golf cart.

Though his knees are not in the best shape (in fact, the left one is artificial), Ford can still drive the ball as far as any 78-year-old. As president, he was celebrated for his virility and fitness, and today he shows his age in only a couple of spots around the face.

At the next tee he and his golfing partners settle up the dollar bets; Ford, an 18 handicap, has won the hole. "Unfortunately, I have an agreement with my bride—she gets half my winnings," he says. Then he tries to deliver the punch line: "But she won't agree"—here he gets tongue-tied, and one of his partners has to finish the line—"to pick up half your losses." Ford is an uncomfortable man, his speech awkward and unnatural. "He talks like a Boy Scout handbook," one of that day's golfing partners told me.

A stranger drags over his ten-year-old son.

"Do you want to meet the president?" the man says.

"Is that George Bush?" the boy asks.

The kid's mistake seems to paralyze Ford. Nothing comes out of his mouth. Then, mechanically, he reaches for the boy's cap. "The Pistons. That's good," he says.

This is the life Jerry Ford leads: largely ceremonial and stiff, the trappings of his former office always in evidence, but lacking the formal grace we associate with high office, let alone the heroic achievements (quick—what was the *Mayaguez* incident about?). There's a lot of pomp around Ford, but it's a Kiwanis kind of pomp. Even after he left office, taxpayers had to shell out \$42 a year for a presidential joke service. It didn't loosen him up any.

Ford's life today is high-flying, in a rubber-chicken, Hyatt-function-room sort of way: Giving lectures at \$15,000 a pop to such outfits as the Multi-Unit Food Service Operators. Doing flashy real estate deals with Jack Nicklaus. Playing celebrity golf events with Telly Savalas, Frank Gifford and Dinah Shore. Part of Ford's shtick as Mr. Agreeable is to continually put himself down. During one recent event, he laughed heartily as Bob Hope ridiculed his golf game in public, in a fashion more meanspirited than comic. And Ford is fond of jazzing up his own speeches by quoting Lyndon Johnson's cruel comment about his intelligence: "Jerry Ford played too many football games without a helmet."

What makes Ford comfortable is the right mixture of celebrities and politics. When Bob Hope hosted the televised *Yellow Ribbon Party* to celebrate the victory in the Gulf War earlier this year, Ford and his wife, Betty, were there along with Brooke Shields, Gerald McRaney and Delta Burke, General William Westmoreland, and Walter Annenberg. The tanned ex-president stood and said a little numbly, "We can't express adequately our appreciation for the wonderful job that all of the Marines and the other military did on behalf of all of us American." Yes, he left the last *s* off.

Ford's West Coast friends aren't especially picky about that kind of thing. "I think people realize that he is a very brilliant man, his views are astute," Palm Springs mayor Sonny Bono says. "I think he's more respected now than when he had the job." Bono used to promote Ford on *The Sonny and Cher Show*, so when he became mayor in 1988, Ford

WITH [TALENT AGENT] NORMAN BROKAW, YOU WON'T BE HOUSE SPEECH WRITER TOLD FORD



took him aside. "The mayoral job is very much part of politics and is as tough a political job as you can have," Bono recalls him saying.

The president imparted that wisdom in Hawaii. He seems to be trundled from one resort to another in wooden splendor. When the right-wing industrialist Justin Dart tried to send an apology to Ford for letting slip to the *Los Angeles Times* that he considered Ford a "dumb bastard," the letter had to be forwarded three times. First to Pebble Beach, where Jerry was playing golf. But by then Ford was back in Rancho Mirage. The letter went on to Rancho Mirage, by which time the president was teeing off again in Hawaii.

Ford took great umbrage at Dart's comment, even suggesting to the press that he might sue. It was an odd display of pride, considering Ford's own penchant for joking about his reputation as a dunce. But this is one of the quandaries that define Jerry Ford: On the one hand, he lets people make a monkey out of him. On the other, he seems inordinately sensitive to disrespect and likes to gather his office around him like an ermine-collared robe.

Take the golf cart Ford rides around in at Thunderbird: a gift from Jackie Gleason, it has a fake Rolls-Royce hood, complete with winged statuette. At first glance it looks like another comic blunder. But Ford enjoys it; he seems to seek out ostentation to compensate for not being taken seriously. In speeches he refers baldly to the "celebrity status" of former presidents. He appears on an episode of *Dynasty*, playing himself in black tie. In Rancho Mirage, the city fathers change the name of 36th Avenue, a big road that shoots out from K mart to the dunes, to Gerald Ford Drive. In Vail, the logo of the Jerry Ford Invitational golf tournament is a circle enclosing a heroic chiseled image of the president's profile. An alternate logo, featured on caps and embroidered polo shirts sold by the Vail Golf Club, neatly mimics the presidential seal: an eagle clutching arrows and a branch, enclosed by a circle of words. But to use the real presidential seal for such unofficial purposes would break federal law; the words here are JERRY FORD GOLF INVITATIONAL.

In accumulating these honors, Ford has turned the presidency into a symbol of kitsch heraldry. Nowhere can this merchandising tendency be seen more starkly than at another resort to which Ford has lent his name—the ten-year-old Beaver Creek, a few miles from Vail. Inside the extremely clean Village Hall in the middle of the gated development is something called the Ford Board Room. It's a plush room with a giant-size presidential seal on one wall, and along another a big glass case filled with mementos of the presidency: A football signed by the Detroit Lions. A gift of cut crystal from the Poles. A lacquered box from the Japanese. A cosmonaut medal from the Soviets. But though these are all gifts Ford got while holding the highest office in a democracy, they've become regal tchotchkes—part of the PR apparatus of an exclusive resort, a sort of Hard Rock Cafe of the U.S. presidency.

LIKE ALL NEVER-NEVER LANDS, JERRY FORD'S MOUNTAIN VILLAGE IS AN escapist paradise. It's not hard to see what he wanted to escape from. His childhood in Grand Rapids was hard-pressed, at times humiliating. One of the stories he tells involves meeting his father for the first time—Ford was born Leslie King in Omaha, and his name was

changed when his mother married a man named Gerald Ford—then watching enviously as the man drove off in a new Lincoln. As a young man of middling ambition, Ford was propelled by his good, clean looks and athleticism. A star center for the University of Michigan football team in the 1930s, he got his first establishment credential—Yale Law '41—by working as an assistant football and boxing coach at the college and taking classes in his spare time. Years later, Ford's chief attributes as a congressman were salt-of-the-earth qualities—his cheerfulness and team spirit, his comfort with fair competition. His great goal was to be captain: speaker of the House.

He never made it. Rather, as he likes to say in speeches, "on a steamy August day in 1974, I found myself president of the United States."

The same urge in Jerry Ford that is gratified by driving a Rolls-Royce golf cart was gratified by the White House. During his confirmation hearings he promised Congress he would not run for president; days later he had changed his mind.

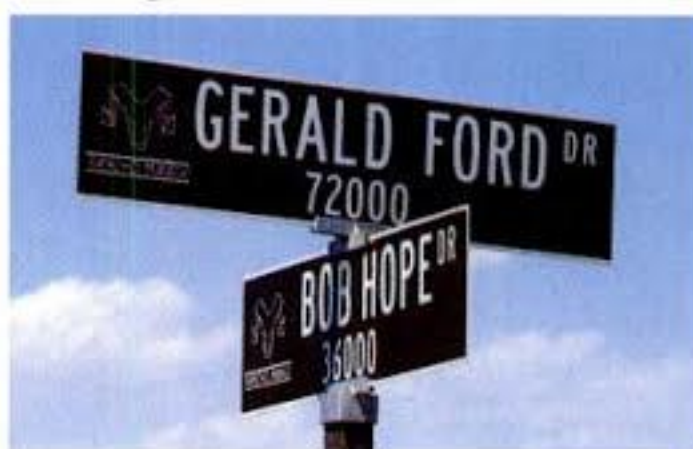
Ford's strength, an ability not to make enemies, was also his flaw, an overresponsiveness to

others. It made him unsuited for executive office. Indeed, his most famous political achievement was a graceful act of deference—pardoning Richard Nixon—that earned him the public's contempt. To borrow a line from the men's-movement fabulist Robert Bly, Ford

is someone who seems to be eternally searching for the king inside himself. He isn't commanding. To watch him at speaking engagements is to see a man who is constantly unsure whether it is really his turn at the mike. Everyone will tell you that Jerry Ford is a nice guy. And this geniality was just what the riven country needed. "God gave us the right man at the right time," said Tip O'Neill.

After he lost the 1976 election to Carter, making him the first incumbent president since Herbert Hoover not to be reelected, Ford positioned himself from Rancho Mirage to retake his rightful seat in 1980. He held court with newspaper editors. He sucked his pipe and acted presidential, telling them about his confidential talk with Al Haig inside Bohemian Grove. Again it was a question of his king's being underdeveloped; Ford kept waiting for others to invite him into the race. No one did, though Reagan and Bush half-contemptuously dared him to jump in.

Ford left the sidelines that year with hurt pride. At the Republican convention that summer in Detroit, he rejected the idea of serving as Reagan's vice president—what was regarded at the time as the Republicans' "dream ticket." And when Reagan was inaugurated the follow-



ing January, Jerry Ford was a no-show.

Amazingly, Ford has managed to skip every inauguration since he left office. His excuse the last time—January 1989—was that he had to attend a charity roast to mark the reopening of the fabulous La Quinta Hotel resort a few miles from Rancho Mirage. Ford walked into the La Quinta that day in joke handcuffs, led by Clint Eastwood. That was the photograph that showed up in the local papers, not far from pictures of Bush taking the oath of office.

At some level, Ford likes to create the impression that the presidency is a second-rate occupation. His chief contribution to presidential scholarship has been a symposium on humor and the presidency that he conducted a few years ago at the Ford Museum in Grand Rapids. Needless to say, the symposium, attended by Art Buchwald, Pat Paulsen and Chevy Chase, made the presidency out to be sort of a joke.

Always either puffing up the presidency or selling it out—losing the job still seems to rankle Ford.

AFTER BIDDING POLITICS GOODBYE IN 1980, JERRY FORD SET OUT TO make money. He was then 67, and public service had failed to enrich him. When he became president, Ford was worth \$250,000, including an Alexandria, Virginia, house valued at \$70,000 that he sold three years later for \$137,000.

Through friends, Ford met with talent agent Norman

This spring, IN THE NATION'S HOTELS, FORD'S COMPANY WAS SHOWING A DOUBLE FEATURE OF SEXUAL INTENT AND SIZZLE

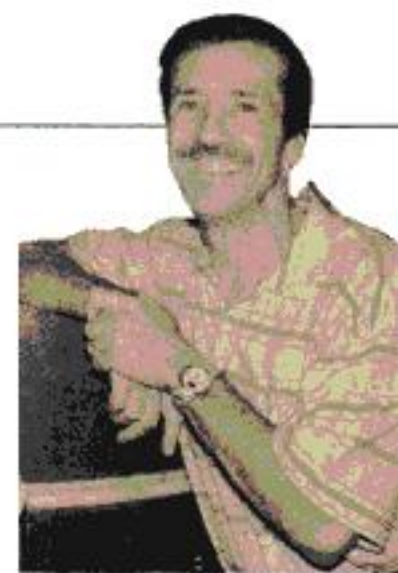
Brokaw. "Mr. President, the bottom line is, after you meet with Norman, you won't be worth this \$300,000 but \$9 million," Don Penny, the White House speech writer who performed the introduction, recalled for the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*. Ford moved out west and, heeding Brokaw's advice, within six months became a director of five corporate boards. Typical was his deal with American Express. Over six years, Ford hauled in as much as \$140,000 a year as a consultant, not counting director's fees (and \$50,000 a year consulting after he left the board in 1987). Commercial Credit gave him \$50,000 a year in director's fees. Pullman-Peabody gave him \$100,000 a year to consult. He was on the boards of 13 separate funds of IDS Mutual Fund Company. In 1976 alone, Ford was paid the better part of \$1 million by NBC to narrate a series of documentaries that never aired.

Lately Ford has become more of an odd-jobber. A Baltimore biotechnology start-up called Nova Pharmaceutical, which markets Thorazine, has him on its board. So does privately held Spectradyme of Texas, marketers of Spectravision, the most popular cable-TV service for hotels. That's right: one of the country's leading Republicans is a director of a company that does big business in pornography. This May, in hotels around the country, Jerry Ford's company was showing *Naked Obsession*, *Softly from Paris V*, and a double feature of *Sexual Intent* and *Sizzle*, among others.

Ford has also set up business partnerships with the tire heir and former ambassador to Belgium Leonard Firestone. The two bought radio stations together, and Ford became Firestone's next-door neighbor in both Rancho Mirage and Beaver Creek. The former president, who had once had to borrow against his children's savings accounts to buy a \$59,000 condo in Vail, was now moving into a big chalet with a swimming pool out back at the end of a private road in Beaver Creek.

Palm Springs Future: Talking Politics With Mayor

Sonny Bono



"Will you call Paul Harvey?" Sonny Bono, the mayor of

Palm Springs, shouts to an aide. "Paul Harvey got something wrong today," he explains. Mayor Bono is in his City Hall office, wearing sneakers and a cream-of-tomato-colored sweater from whose crew neck peeks a heavy gold chain. "Paul Harvey goes, 'Sonny Bono said he would give up his political career if he could work with Cher again.'" He shakes his head. "What?" he exclaims.

The past—i.e., Cher—dogs Bono. He has struggled to open new public chapters in his life. Restaurateur. Family man. Politician. Republican official. Still, Sonny tends to be remembered as Cher's straight man. "There are some people that have a better reality on who I am," he says, but he seems resigned to the fact that the old reality is his burden.

Lately Bono has been toying with the idea of running for the U.S. Senate seat Alan Cranston is leaving in 1992. "I went to Washington several times—there's been considerable acceptance," he says. "It's not a carte blanche—'Oh, you're perfect!'—but there is, 'Well, okay, maybe this is the era for that.'" He can't disclose the names of his political mentors, he says, only that "there's all the way up to two in the White House area."

The mayor looks on his show business background as a strength—Sonny Bono considers himself a follower in Reagan's footsteps. He tries out a sound bite that isn't quite a sound bite: "Entertainers, I think, all want to direct mankind somewhat in some fashion. Their songs are subtly directing their philosophical beliefs, or their movies or their scripts or whatever. And I think that a politician thinks his job is to direct the flow, directly direct the flow, of mankind, and I don't think some issues are being confronted that have to be affronted today."

Bono half apologizes for being inarticulate. He's a street guy, he explains, not a lawyer-politician. He knows there is something appealing about a politician who "gives it to you with the bark on."

"Is that a desert expression?"

"No, that's a Bono expression. It's from a tree—when the bark is on, a tree's a little rougher."

"Who are your heroes?"

"Gosh. You know, I think some of my heroes..." Bono falters and looks out the window. "Muhammad Ali is a big hero of mine and a friend of mine. Yeah." The mayor nods, still thinking. In his out box is a paperweight that says MISS TEEN USA.

"Luther King was a hero," he says. "People who

create change."

Apart from malapropisms, Bono's problem is: How seriously can California voters take the mayor of Palm Springs (population 40,000)? His dream of entering the Senate race, for instance, was fueled by riding in Dan Quayle's car. "He's just not a player," says one longtime political operator in the state. "I mean, this is a guy who wore Hush Puppies to the Republican state convention." And when Governor Pete Wilson was asked to comment on Bono's potential candidacy, he said, "What about Cher?"

Bono did get statewide exposure this spring, but over a life-style issue. In an effort to combat spring-break rowdiness, Palm Springs has passed a law against thong bikinis.

The local paper, *The Desert Sun*, editorialized that the ordinance was trouble; lawsuits might start if cops tried to inspect women. "I asked the police the same question," Bono says. "So they gave me two photos [of bikini bottoms]. One was straight up —"

He squints and draws a vertical line in the air, then laughs uncomfortably, showing his huge teeth.

"Straight up the butt, and the other one was a little bit out" — he moves his index fingers apart in a V — "and there's a considerable difference. So my assumption was that visually, without any kind of inspection at all, they could say, 'This one doesn't get it.'"

"Every reporter gets to ask you a Cher question."

Bono shrugs: "I don't mind."

"She goes on TV, she wears provocative outfits."

The mayor gets a serious look. "How a woman wants to dress is up to them," he says. "I don't find it

attractive that blatant, but that's her choice. I'm not squeamish about that at all, and being totally honest with you, who doesn't like to look at a cute little fanny, I mean —"

"But don't some women find a liberating role model in Cher?"

"I think they hook onto the philosophical statement," he says. "It kind of looks silly to me, and not attractive,



THE OFFENDING THONG
"Straight up the butt"

but I think it's more of a statement of saying, 'Look, nobody's going to suppress us, and if you don't like it, you can kiss it.' I think that's kind of a one-note-Charley statement, though." Now he sits back. There's a silence in the room for a moment, an awkwardness, as if we both realize he's now talking about the politics of the entertainer Cher, how she subtly directs the flow of humanity, not how Sonny the entertainer-cum-politician directly directs it.

A week later Paul Harvey issued a correction. — PW.

In California, meanwhile, he built the house on the thirteenth fairway on land he got from Firestone. Documents filed with Riverside County suggest that Ford paid Firestone just a fraction of the market value for the 1.37 acres. He got an even better deal in Beaver Creek. Documents filed with the Eagle County, Colorado, clerk say Ford paid Vail Associates a token \$10 for his three-quarter-acre lot, and that at the same time, the company, for whom he does lots of promotion, lent him \$150,000 (presumably to build his house) with the land as security. The world Ford has entered is fueled by favors and easy money; there's a dreamy, unconnected feel to it — the scent of entitlement. One report from the 1980s has Ford's people calling the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to see if T. Boone Pickens, the Mesa executive, couldn't swing by and pick Ford up in his corporate jet to take him from Vail to a political event in Houston. Pickens declined.

At first there was some disapproval of what Ford's former press secretary Jerald terHorst called his "profiteering" on the presidency. Editorial writers across the country denounced a deal he made in 1978 with the Franklin Mint to endorse and promote a special series of presidential commemorative coins. *U.S. News & World Report* pointed to Ford's enormous phone bills (as high as \$55,000 a year, more than Nixon's and Carter's combined) and office and travel expenses — all picked up by the government — as evidence of an "imperial former presidency." His Secret Service detail has also proved an embarrassment. Three years ago, after a *60 Minutes* segment said he treated his bodyguards "more as valets than as security men" and showed Ford directing them to open a car door for him, the former president wrote to Congress, urging it to pass a bill requiring presidents to give up the detail after five years out of office. But the legislation died. And, ahem — Jerry Ford still has his detail, though it's been 14 years and counting.

The irresolute president has been at cross-purposes with himself in business dealings too. Responding to criticism of his board-hopping, Ford stated solemnly to *Newsweek* that he would "never" be involved in the "actual business operations" of the companies whose boards he sat on but merely advised the CEOs on the international scene. A few years later, however, there he was writing a letter to Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole, using presidential muscle to seek landing rights for Tiger International, a company that paid him \$100,000 a year to consult and sit on its board.

All this paid off for Ford. By the mid-1980s he was making as much as \$1.7 million a year, according to published estimates. He had become a very rich man.

Frequently there's a charitable aspect to Ford's business arrangements. His support was critical to the founding of the Betty Ford Center for the treatment of alcohol and drug dependency in Rancho Mirage in 1982. If there's ever a conflict between a public interest and a private one, however, you can count on Ford to be extra sensitive to business. This is clear from the most hapless episode of his retirement, the Ritz Mirada development in the mountains of Rancho Mirage.

The concoction of Rancho Mirage is a good old-fashioned western real estate saga. Forty years ago the place was mostly date farms and a dude ranch ten miles down the road from Palm Springs. Today it is a haven for the wealthy and celebrated (the population is 0.16 percent black), epitomizing the late-twentieth-century concept of Desert Living. Like so many ideas on the western landscape, Desert Living is in large part fantasy. Water is pumped up from aquifers 1,000 feet down, and fertilizer is trucked in to turn scorched gray desert into lush fairways. Even the picturesque saguaro cactuses with their elbowed limbs aren't native: developers haul them in from Arizona, belted onto flat-bed trucks fitted with carpeted cradles to prevent spine loss.

Desert Living's losers include one longtime desert resident, the bighorn sheep. Bighorn forage on the burnt-umber slopes of the Santa Rosa Mountains and are an all-but-endangered species now. Almost 90 percent of their young succumb to viruses that didn't afflict them even 15 years ago. Luckily, the animal has a glamorous reputation locally—it is part of Rancho Mirage's logo—and for nine years the Bighorn Institute in nearby Palm Desert has devoted its efforts to the sheep's survival. Jerry Ford has always loved the outdoors. In the early 1980s he signed on as the Bighorn Institute's honorary fundraising chairman.

Then, in 1983, Leonard Firestone brought Ford in as an investor in a huge hotel-and-condo development called the Ritz Mirada, to be built on land that Walter Annenberg once owned in the hills. Ford never disclosed the amount of his investment (though simultaneously he put \$250,000 into a golf course Jack Nicklaus was developing in nearby Murrieta).

The Mirada proposal provoked furious opposition. It violated the

What MAKES FORD SPECIAL? "SENSITIVITY TO THE GUEST," SAYS ONE ASSOCIATE

time-honored Coachella Valley taboo against building in the hills above a 10-degree grade. The humped, sun-singed mountains have an almost spiritual call; to put settlements on them, say the locals, would profane their opaque mystery. And it would also destroy a large chunk of bighorn habitat. The Bighorn Institute was enraged.

The city of Rancho Mirage tried to block the Ritz Mirada. Its citizens, led by Frank and Barbara Sinatra, voted against the development.

Jerry Ford was in an awful position. He lacked the ability to do the honorable thing and abandon the project, or to do the hardheaded thing and end his association with the Bighorn Institute. He tried to make everyone happy. He insisted that the development did not threaten the bighorn and that there was no conflict between his two roles. "My function [as chairman of the Bighorn Institute] is to raise money to save the lives of bighorn sheep. The research aspect is totally different," he said, absurdly.

By that time Ford had become the front man for the developers. Typically, he used the presidency to sell the deal. He assured the people of Rancho Mirage that they might expect "world forums" to take place at the new hotel, bringing

Palm Springs Past: Grooming and Tomcatting Tips from Bob Hope



Only from one of the terraces of Bob Hope's vast house, pitched high on the lip of the mountain range that surrounds Palm Springs, can you get a full view of this hideous, glorious desert confection. The sky, the largest, clearest swath of magenta in America, produces sunsets that can make grown men weep; the valley below is a mottle of green golf courses and reddish toupees. It is here that the headliners of the American Century—the presidents, the vice presidents, the billionaires and generals—come to putt, and, when they can putt no longer, to die.

Hope is and always will be the headliner of headliners here, in America's Main Room. And so a sleep-over weekend spent at his place can arguably be said to be the sine qua non of the Palm Springs experience. The weekend begins with a drive up a steep, winding road, past security gates and onward to the top of the mountain. There, Hope's eleven-year-old, 25,000-square-foot monster looms into view. It is a soaring bubble of concrete and glass, an architectural sibling of Eero Saarinen's TWA terminal at Kennedy airport. The house is open to the sky in the center, with the rooms wrapped around the central courtyard; catwalks connect various parts of the house. A Vietnamese manservant ushers the visitor in. "See them?" Hope says later as the man, a former helicopter pilot for the South Vietnamese Army, and his wife scamper over one of the catwalks. "Westmoreland gave them to me."

Hope's trademark sashay is intact, his eyes are clear, and his hand is still firm. Because his hair looks so comically pomaded and dyed on television, one of the first things you notice is that up close, it doesn't look so bad. It's white and tufty on the sides and a rusty auburn on top. "It's thinning," he says, smoothing it back. "But it's all mine." Hope says that he often combs the whole lot forward, down over his forehead, and then goes to bed that way—it "exercises" the hair, he says. And when he is at his sprawling home in the San Fernando Valley, he gives his strands a further workout by hanging upside down in a pair of antigravity boots. Although the images of an 88-year-old Bob Hope hanging upside down to exercise his hair and lying in bed with it combed over his eyebrows are much funnier than anything he might say or do on one of his TV specials, he nevertheless thinks further measures are needed when it comes time to face the cameras. "I got a hair guy who tints it a bit for television," Hope says. "Otherwise, the lights shine right through it. This fella has a way of pushing it forward to give me a little more hairline too."

An excursion through the house before dinner is part of the weekend package. And nothing is off-limits. In the course of the grand tour, there are many exhibits, each with its own provenance and description. One is urged to stop, for instance, before the photo of George Patton peeing into the Rhine; Hope says it is one of his most prized possessions. He then pulls from his pocket another trophy, a PGA money clip. "I've been offered a lot of money for this," he says solemnly, "but I'd never sell it." The visitor is expected to say something like, *That's a very classy sentiment, Bob*—and does, and is rewarded by being taken through Hope's bedroom and his study and then into the bedroom of his wife, Dolores, and her bathroom. This is all a warm-up, however, for the high point of the tour—Hope's clothes closet. There, in a room the size of a squash court, are row upon row of wildly colored golf shoes, sport jackets, cardigans, trousers. There must be 200 pairs of pants alone in the huge, climate-controlled room, all neatly hung according to color and season. As host and guest move slowly among the racks, favorites are pulled out for the visitor's touch. A pair of dark green

pants with a mistletoe pattern is taken off the hook for closer inspection. "I wear these at Christmas," Hope says, lovingly stroking the garment.

Over dinner, Hope talks of a project he has been working on for years, a film biography of the late gossip columnist Walter Winchell. He was still relatively young when he first began thinking about it, and he had himself in mind to play Winchell in his later years. But those days are long past, and now he says he'd be happy just producing it, which seems a very sane and proper approach for someone at his stage in life. Except that later in the meal, during a recounting of one of the more eventful show business careers of this century, Hope stops for a moment and leans forward conspiratorially. "All that was great. *But what I'd really like to do,*" he says, *"is direct."*

Dinner done, Hope escorts his visitor to a guest bedroom. Plans are made for the next day, and goodnights are said. Some time later, when the house is dark, the visitor notices the hallway light being turned on outside his room. Then the door handle is turned and the door opened. There, backlit by the light in the hallway, is Bob Hope, in pajamas and a karate-style robe. He tiptoes toward the visitor's bed. *Oh, my God,* the guest thinks. *Not this. Please, not this.* Hope draws up alongside the bed and asks if the visitor, who is pretending to be asleep, is awake. The visitor says nothing. Hope shakes his arm, and then speaks words that soothe the guest's thumping breast: "Want to go into town and pick up some girls?"

A few minutes later, Hope and his guest are dressed, and the big man's car, a Chrysler (he gets one every year from the company), is brought around to the front of the house. Hope, it should be said, is one of those drivers who insist on looking at the person they're talking to, and since he does much of the talking, careering down a steep mountain



TERMINAL B?
No, it's chez Bob.

road in the middle of the night proves to be an adventure. After each series of sentences, Hope remembers the road ahead and jerks the car suddenly away from the precipice. As he steers the Chrysler down past the onetime homes of Steve McQueen and William Holden, he chatters on. His visitor, eyes glued to the road ahead, is unable to keep track of the conversation. The visitor's life doesn't exactly flash before his eyes, but the postcrash Bob Hope obituary in *The New York Times* does: column after column recapping Hope's achievements, and there, buried away at the end of the story, is the mention of the "unidentified male companion" with him at the time of his death.

But he and Hope survive the journey, and the car is nosed down onto Palm Canyon Drive, Palm Springs's main strip. It is spring break, and although it is well past midnight, there are college kids everywhere. Out on the sidewalk, a lot of the kids recognize him and wave their hellos, and some geezers strolling in pairs try to engage him in conversation. Hope makes pleasantries and scratches autographs on napkins and matchbooks, all without breaking his stride. The only thing that distracts him from his evening constitutional is the sight of a men's-clothing store. There, displayed in the window, are pants and sweaters of even more hideous colors and fabrics than those in Hope's own closet. He oohs and aahs over the merchandise and makes a mental note to stop by the next day. His thoughts are interrupted once again, this time by the approaching sight of a trio of blond girls in too-tight, too-short cutoffs. He glances appreciatively, then nudges his visitor. "What do you say?" he whispers. "You feel lucky tonight?"

—Graydon Carter

together world leaders every year to discuss pressing global questions. Ford leads just such a world forum every summer at Beaver Creek under the auspices of the conservative American Enterprise Institute. Invited by Ford, 50 businessmen pay \$7,000 each to attend a private conference that is heavy on former world leaders, such as Helmut Schmidt and Valéry Giscard D'Estaing, Ford's pals from the signing of the Helsinki Accords.

"The little City Council was dazzled," recalls Susan Marx, Harpo's widow and a leader of the opposition in Rancho Mirage. "That there was going to be a facility for Gerald Ford to have international visitors solve the problems of the world just up the street—that sounded big-time."

More important, Rancho Mirage couldn't afford to fight a lawsuit the developer had launched. In 1986 the city gave in to a scaled-back project that included a preserve for bighorn sheep.

Today there are no world forums being held at the Mirada. What is held there is the annual gala for the Bighorn Institute, hosted by Ford. The event is the toast of Rancho Mirage society.

Jim DeForge, the biologist who is director of the Institute, still thinks the Mirada and the residential subdivision it created were bad for the sheep, but when asked whether Gerald Ford has been a hypocrite, he clenches his jaw and glowers. "He's a man with a lot of character," DeForge says, standing over the steel table on which he treats diseased sheep at his Spartan research facility in the hills. "He's very sincere."

A HOCKEY ARENA IN VAIL HAS BEEN SPECIALLY decorated for the Western Welcome to the American Ski Classic. Old-time saloon facades protrude from both ends of the rink. The gathering is invitation-only, and it has an anemic, over-clean, corporate feeling.

Gerald Ford floats through the thin crowd in a beneficent haze, wearing a western brush jacket and a bolo tie. He pauses to have his picture taken with some visiting European skiers and goes back to the chafing dishes for more barbecue. Then he dances with his wife.

The president mounts the stage to issue the welcome. "The music's good, the food was excellent," he says. "I want to thank our host, U S West, and have another good night for a great week...." It's one more stiff PR speech, with the sort of crude phrasing that makes local reporters snigger that foreigners speak better English than Ford.

Still, you can see that in the protected, history-free, lily-white, half-fantasy communities Ford has chosen to live in, he has found the king inside him at last. He has helped build these places. His name is everywhere, from the chairmanship of the Vail Valley Foundation, to the President's Circle tickets for visiting cultural events, to the Gerald

Ford Amphitheater at the edge of town.

Vail residents credit the president with putting their town on the map. When Ford was in office, says Pepi Gramshammer, Ford's ski instructor and the owner of an après-ski restaurant called Pepi's, "*everybody* wrote about Vail. I mean, if you would have had to pay for this... It was the western White House; it was tremendous." (And Gramshammer, one of the Austrians who first settled Vail in the early sixties, pronounces the words "vestern Vite House.")

"Without President Ford there wouldn't have been the 1989 Alpine World Ski Championships, a \$10 million event," says Robert Knous of the Vail Valley Foundation, poling his way over the spring snow to the celebrity ski corral at the American Ski Classic. "His name gives you instant credibility. Plus, he and Mrs. Ford would have guests visit who would become acquainted with Beaver Creek and purchase."

In turn, Ford is draped with honor and ceremony. Marine Corps bands present the colors as Ford is seated. Big-business men are polite to him. The press is adoring. There was a time when the *Vail Trail*, a local paper, would picture Ford three times in one issue, with the former president wearing the same corny checked pants in unrelated stories, as if the chronicle of his life had to be complete from morning to night. During the Gulf War, Ford invited local reporters to his house to tell them about a scholarship fund he supports for poor Eagle County students. The *Vail Daily* asked about the Middle East, and Ford said with typical discomfort that George Bush had consulted him "several times—more than several times."

Ford inspires the same mix of pomposity, charity and puffery in Rancho Mirage. Last year, for instance, *The Desert Sun* devoted an article to the views of Ford and Firestone on the world after the Cold War. The city has trademarked the slogan "Playground of Presidents," though none but Ford regularly plays there. The glossy picture book of "The Magnificent California Desert Empire" sold at a high-profile date stand on Highway 111 features a shot of Gerald Ford's house that is bigger than the photo of Liberace's, more than twice the size of Cary Grant's or Lawrence Welk's, and almost as big as Elvis's (though nowhere near the size of Bob Hope's).

What Jerry Ford has become is a genial American version of royalty. The things that eluded him for six decades on the pocked terrain of the East—wealth and real respect—have finally come to him, not because he has been brilliant or ruthless but simply because, for 29 months, he lucked into the presidency.

Sheika Gramshammer, a former Las Vegas showgirl who runs Pepi's with her husband, froths

over Ford. Describing how foreigners relate to him, she says, "They're, like, in awe to be that close to an ex-president. For them they can't believe it, because in Europe, even if they're not president, they're so protected, they're so on a high horse. They don't get off the horse. They stay on."

The new, royal Jerry Ford seems to have even less backbone than Ford the politician did. Last month *Golf* magazine quoted Ford saying of the Thunderbird, "It's too damn stuffy.... The attitude around here is chickenshit," after the club's president barred *Golf*'s photographer (Ford's guest) from taking pictures. But for all his after-the-fact fuming, Ford had sat quietly in the golf cart during the set-to.

Somewhere deep inside, Jerry Ford seems to understand the nature of the deal he has cut and to be vaguely ashamed of it. The feeling came through in comments he made in Vail that week. Twice he used the word *envy* to describe his reaction to other people's success.

Whom did Ford envy? On the night of the banquet it was the rich and ski-crazy Werner family of Steamboat Springs. "The point I'd like to make here is that we always had great envy and admiration for families like the Werners," he said. "And we weren't certainly in their category or their capabilities."

The next day, with Mariel Hemingway on the awards stand for the Ford Celebrity Cup, the president said, "It's a great event, and we just envy those who participate—and are actually the winners."

Envy is an odd sentiment for an old lion to own up to at the end of the day. Ford seemed to be confessing that all his rewards were less deserved than the hard-won rewards of athletes and self-made men. If you apply the values of the communities Ford abandoned—Calvinist Grand Rapids and cynical, dog-eat-dog Washington—that's surely the case.

But hey, this is the American West. And who's going to take any of it away from him? Nobody, that's who.

Jerry Ford knows that. "I do not like to live in the past," he said recently about being ex-president. And as he built a new life for himself during the last decade and a half, he stuck to that code. If all the tongue-clucking clichés of modern tragedy had proved true for Ford—if character were destiny, if there were no second acts in American lives—then he'd be back in Michigan right now, wheeled out like former governor George Romney to milk applause from Rust Belt assemblies, working for free, his awful speechifying prompting murmurs of LBJ's assessment of his walking-and-gum-chewing ability.

The marvelous thing about Ford's retirement is how he has managed to be rewarded rather than punished for his weaknesses, for his very blandness. What politicians and the Washington press call deferential or submissive, the grateful people of Rancho Mirage and Vail call down-to-earth. When George Gillett, the stout owner of Vail Associates, is asked what makes Ford special, he leans on a ski pole for a second before putting a good face on Ford's weakness.

"*Sensitivity to the guest*," he says. "He's so sensitive to other guests."

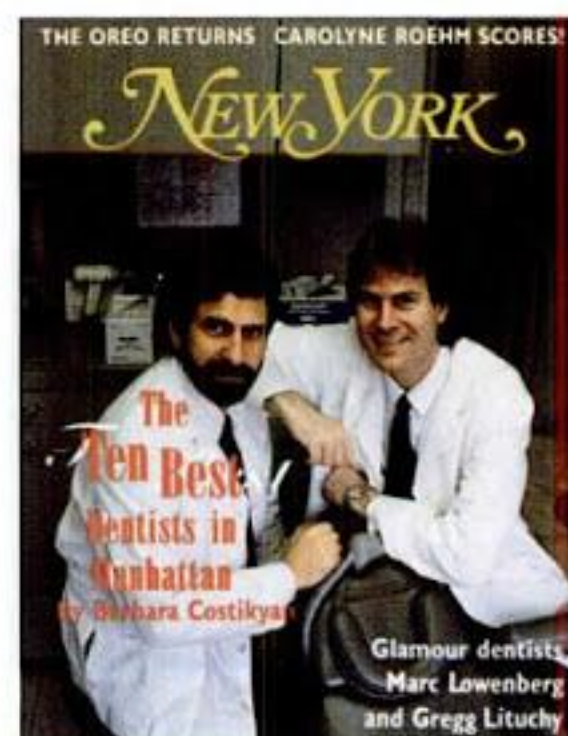
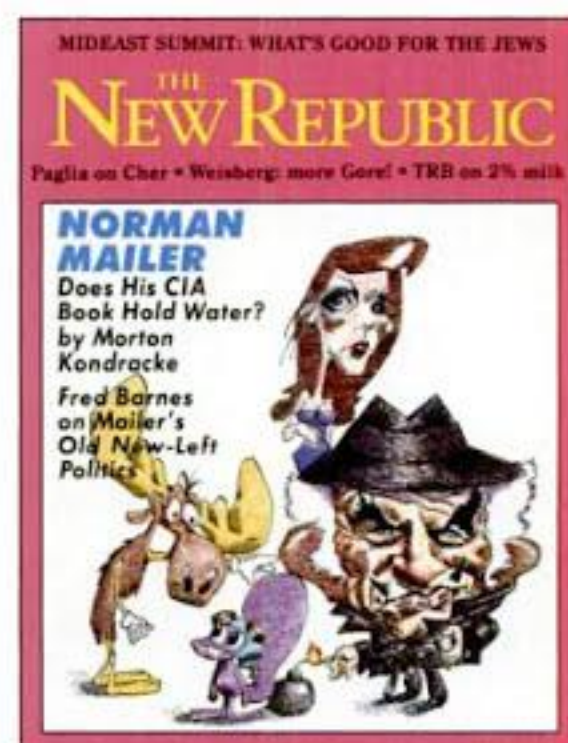
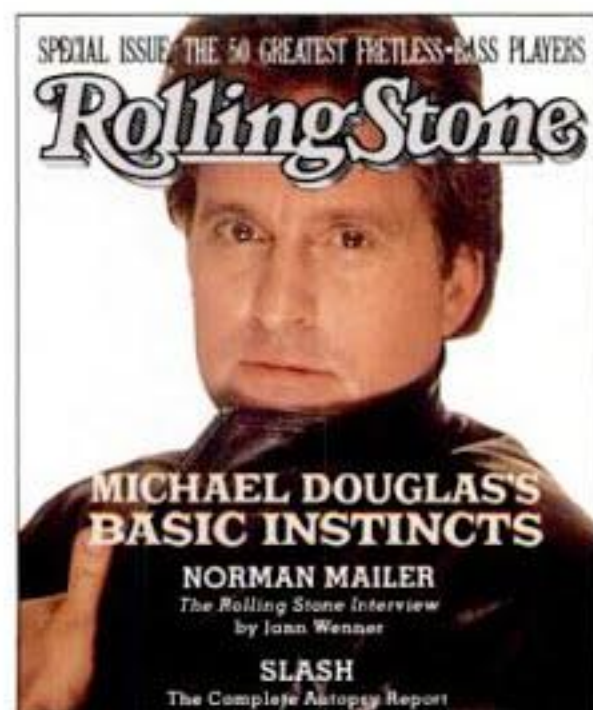
At that moment Ford the greeter had just stepped down from the awards stand—not before thanking U S West, of course—and headed for the VIP tent, limping along on the artificial landscape in a pair of beat-up tan shoes with rubber soles. New Age jazz played over the ski course's giant speakers, German bad-boy skier Frank Woerndl romanced Justine Bateman, curvetting around her desperately in his bulging unitard, and white-coated waiters from the Hyatt fed wine and salmon to Nadia Comaneci and Ed Marinaro.

As Ford crunched into the tent wearing a quizzical Greek fishing cap and accompanied by two Secret Service men, he stood out, all right. It was easy to see the flatlander thrust into this giggly, low-oxygen world through comic accidents, the Rotarian lost in Celebrity City. But so what? Jerry Ford seemed to be adjusting to his late-life dream just fine. ▀

Ever notice that you've read the same story in several magazines, each reporting in its own idiosyncratic voice? Let our insta-coverage of one imminent media event—the publication of Norman Mailer's novel *Harlot's Ghost*—save you time and money.



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NORMAN'S CONQUEST

Once the *enfant terrible* of American letters, Norman Mailer has against all odds aged gracefully into a multitude of new roles: benevolent patriarch, guiding spirit of literature, well-behaved man-about-town. NANCY COLLINS spoke with America's greatest novelist about his remarkable new book, *Harlot's Ghost*, and his new life



A damned fat old man, that's what I am!" If I didn't know Norman Mailer better, I'd say he was trying to get rid of me. In fact, I *do* say it, and he sort of laughs, incredulous. Mailer laughs often during our conversations. The azure-blue eyes flashing, the crinkly what-a-life! lines radiating across the famous ear-encompassed face that fronts the hoary silver head topping the compact bantam-plus body—all would be visible to me if Mailer and I were having drinks at sunset in Bungalow 7 of the Beverly Hills Hotel. But we're not—not this time. We're talking on the telephone, woman to man, Manhattan to Brooklyn Heights.

The phone rang quite late...again. Picking up, I heard a gruff, familiar voice say "Nancy," and for a moment I thought it was Debra. Winger. It wasn't. It was Jack. Nicholson. But something about Jack's call reminded me to call Norman. So I did, and when he answered, I told him what time it was and teased, "What will Norris say?"

And Mailer exhaled noisily, which I knew by now to mean that he was laughing, laughing in this case as if to suggest that Norris Church, his Arkansas-born-beauty-of-a-wife-number-six, and a talented painter in her own right, had nothing to worry about regarding me. Or not *too* much, at any rate: leggy fortysomething dames—Norris is another one—can be habit-forming. "Women are dangerous, Nancy," I remember Norman saying to me on another occasion. Was it a warning or a compliment? Or was it something else entirely? Our greatest living novelist (and *V.F.* contributor) wasn't telling—at least not yet.

When Norm Mailer says he's fat (and he's not—he merely looks prosperous), he could just as well be talking about *Harlot's Ghost*, his 1,024-page masterwork due imminently from Random House. The epic tale of a CIA operative and his charged, high-stakes world of intrigue, *Harlot's Ghost* may very well earn the 68-year-old *éminence terrible* his third Pulitzer—and might just make enough of an impression in Stockholm to make Mailer's presumptive Nobel a reality at last.

I called Mailer because I am in the midst of reading an advance copy of the novel and wanted desperately to ask him about Montague, the protagonist. Years ago, when Mailer published *Marilyn*, he pointed out that *Marilyn Monroe* was practically an anagram of *Norman Mailer*. Now I was curious to know whether there was any significance to the fact that both *Mailer* and *Montague* start with the very same letter—*M*.

"There's going to be this perception," I point out, "because Montague is an older man who's led this Grand Guignol life, because he's someone who has known both madness and extraordinary success, both belonging and a sense of pretending, that you're exorcising your own demons."

"Well, Nancy, that isn't so."

"I notice also that the first letters of our *own* first names are the same—*N*."

Mailer lets me continue.

"And it's interesting, I think, that the three leftover letters from the Monroe-Mailer anagram—the extra *A* from your name, and the extra *Y* and *O* from Marilyn's name—are all contained in *my*

PEOPLE WEEKLY SEPT 9 1991

COUPLES WHO TAMED STORMIN' NORMAN?

Norman Mailer used to shed spouses almost as often as he threw punches—but in wife number six, painter Norris Church, he seems to have scored his final knockout

WHEN THE PUGNACIOUS

novelist first laid eyes upon the tall, auburn-haired Arkansan, he was too awed to introduce himself. But then, as Norman Mailer tells it, he

"He's the sweetest, funniest, most caring husband and father in the world," says Norris (at Harlot party with Norman). "And the sexiest"



Moon over Manhattan:
"I've come to a point
where I don't give a
tuck about reviews,"
says Mailer.

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Cabalist Kibitzing

WHEN NAHMANIDES FLED HIS native Iberia for Palestine in 1263, the magnificent Cabalist and Pentateuchal scholar no doubt savored a potent paradox: he had come from Aragon to Eretz Yisra'el and thus would live in exile in what was, in fact, his homeland. I daresay one might say the same of Norman Mailer.

I am at a dinner party *en haut luxe* in Manhattan, and I am placed near Mailer, the Cabalist and fabulist. I am unused to the forms of such occasions. Indeed, I left that afternoon the seat of Bush's martial presidium with some discomfort and some distemper. As I reread Robert Musil on the plane, I feared I would not enjoy the spectacle of manic inauthenticity one finds at a Manhattan dinner party. Such bedazzlements of beauty and foistings of fame do not sorely tempt a man or woman of sensibility (Gramsci knew this; so does Bobby Bland). I would not have done otherwise than to go, however. The celebrated hosts are my good friends. Their names—Diane Sawyer and Mike Nichols—need not detain us here.

But attend. Mailer's *Tischgespräch* provides my journey its recompense and its reward. His massive novel *Harlot's Ghost* is destined soon to bestride the best-seller lists, and Mailer at table is effusive and effulgent. An amateur of the prizefight, in conversation Mailer jabs and Mailer feints, Mailer bobs and Mailer weaves, Mailer counter-punches and Mailer Ali-shuffles.

"You know," Mailer says, "Montague [the protagonist of *Harlot's Ghost*] isn't me." He has set his gaze upon the striking woman to my left even as we converse. "There's going to be this perception—there always is—because he is an older man who's led this Grand Guignol life, because he is somebody who has known both madness and extraordinary success, both belonging and a sense of pretending, that I'm exorcising my own demons. Well, that isn't so." I suggest that perhaps no one will

believe what he says all, is about the C tions, about the about conspiraci guises and disgui silence. He mea question by asl name.

He talks of a fat old man, th with a flash o and of his bool high irony, of are fabulously earlier meeti mental leap : even hear, M companion's ding shake o ily confides, wonder at does not th tradition r one. His bespeaks :

What bloated. I tics are g West 10t Alas, wi does no

EBBET "The Brooklyn metaphors are all used up, but being able to look out over the harbor and see all those tired ships coming and going every day does my im-migrant heart good." The speaker is Norman Mailer. He is describing what he looks upon during the short jaunt he takes twice a day from his home in Brooklyn Heights to the room where he commits his visions to paper (most recently, *Harlot's Ghost*). The building Mailer works in is just down the block

Hills steac tag, con so c die du wo an W Se

phantoms; then eponymous institu tion seems to be suffering a similar fate. The proximity of Baltimore makes one rather disdain the Orioles than root for them. Perhaps it is fitting that the nation's capital has no representative of the national sport. After all, it has no representatives in the Congress, either.

THE SONGS OF JOHNNY MERCER tell not of civilization but of its discontents. A visiting friend from univer-



ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST SEPT 1991

A Novel Grows in Brooklyn Heights

Sparseness and Spice Shape the Twin Aeries of Norman and Norris Church Mailer

ABOVE LEFT: "There's not one teaspoon of frivolity in this joint," says Mailer of his bare-bones office. "And why should there be? Writing fiction is an existential act. Anyhow, I'm just a damned fat old man, and anything more posh would make me unfit for the job." ABOVE AND OPPOSITE: A selection of the painter's own vintage Barbie dolls sets the girlish tone in Norris Church Mailer's eighteenth-floor painting studio. "I wanted to create a space as jam-packed with sweet and spicy stuff as me!" she explains. The Majolica butter pats were a gift from real estate broker Alice Mason.

intellectual dishonesty. ... hardly require of Mr. Bush that he take with him to bed each night the longer poems of Wallace Stevens, although such a practice might not be derogated. If Sununu, no less than Scowcroft and Eagleburger, were beckoned by fictions of another mind's devising, we might enjoy a politics of wisdom rather than of mere artfulness.

LEON WIESELTIER

The Raw and the Cooked

By Jim Harrison

ESQUIRE SEPT 1991

In the Belly of the Feast

T MINUS FOUR MINUTES UNTIL TAKEOFF, FLIGHT 54, Boston to Provincetown, I was suddenly reminded of what my football coach, a sturdy, laconic man who spent his summers angling the boundary waters for muskies, had told me when he chaperoned my prom: "If it smells like fish, son," he'd said, fingering the only necktie he owned, "eat it."

Well, something smelled for damned sure when the stewardess wheeled her pushcart by: a dozen cherrystones on ice—"for you, Mr. Harrison, with Norman Mailer's compliments"—and a half magnum of Barolo, I guess so my breath would be tolerable when his missus pecked me a hello kiss at the airport. I was to be the Mailers' guest for a weekend at their summer haunt on the Cape, where we were going to pursue the latest passion of Norman's mellow years: bluefishing. Norman, you see, was rather dreading the prospect of junketing around the country in the cause of his latest, *Harlot's Ghost*—as a book-tour veteran, I can empathize—and knew that I too find rare solace in the rod and the reel. The clams, goes my hunch, were his way of warming me up for a marathon indulgence in *frutti di mare*. No matter that my palate was still ruminating a cup of chowder I'd slurped up in a Logan cafeteria: you don't look a gift quahog in the pseudopod.

I have no tolerance for airline cocktail sauce—though Aeroméxico offers a superior *salsa verde*—so I supplied my own, a horseradish-and-plum-tomato concoction I'd purchased at J. Bildner's, an excellent specialty-foods store in Brookline recommended to me by my friends Justin Kaplan and Anne Bernays. No sooner had I finished this mini-repast and popped Neil Young's *Ragged Glory* into my Walkman than the hook of the Cape was visible through my porthole, and a few wallops of Crazy Horse feedback later, we touched down.

There is no greater contentment, other than carbo-loading *capellini* with homemade *put-*

tanescas after a couple sets of reps and a Japanese massage, than stepping onto the hot tarmac and into the welcoming arms of a tall drink of Ozark Mountain spring-water like Norris Church Mailer. The Barolo, to its credit, had left me warm and rosy, eminently kiss-

able, and Norris got me on both cheeks. When we arrived at the house, Norman was sitting on the deck, his chest bare but for a few tufts of curly white hair, assembling rods with his son John Buffalo. He handed me a Grolsch.

"You're going to be surprised," he said. "They're monsters, existential prey, fish of *girth*. Hemingway called them footballs, because of their small heads and thick bellies." Norman patted his own thick middle. "Fat fish for a fat old man. A damned fat old man, that's what I am."

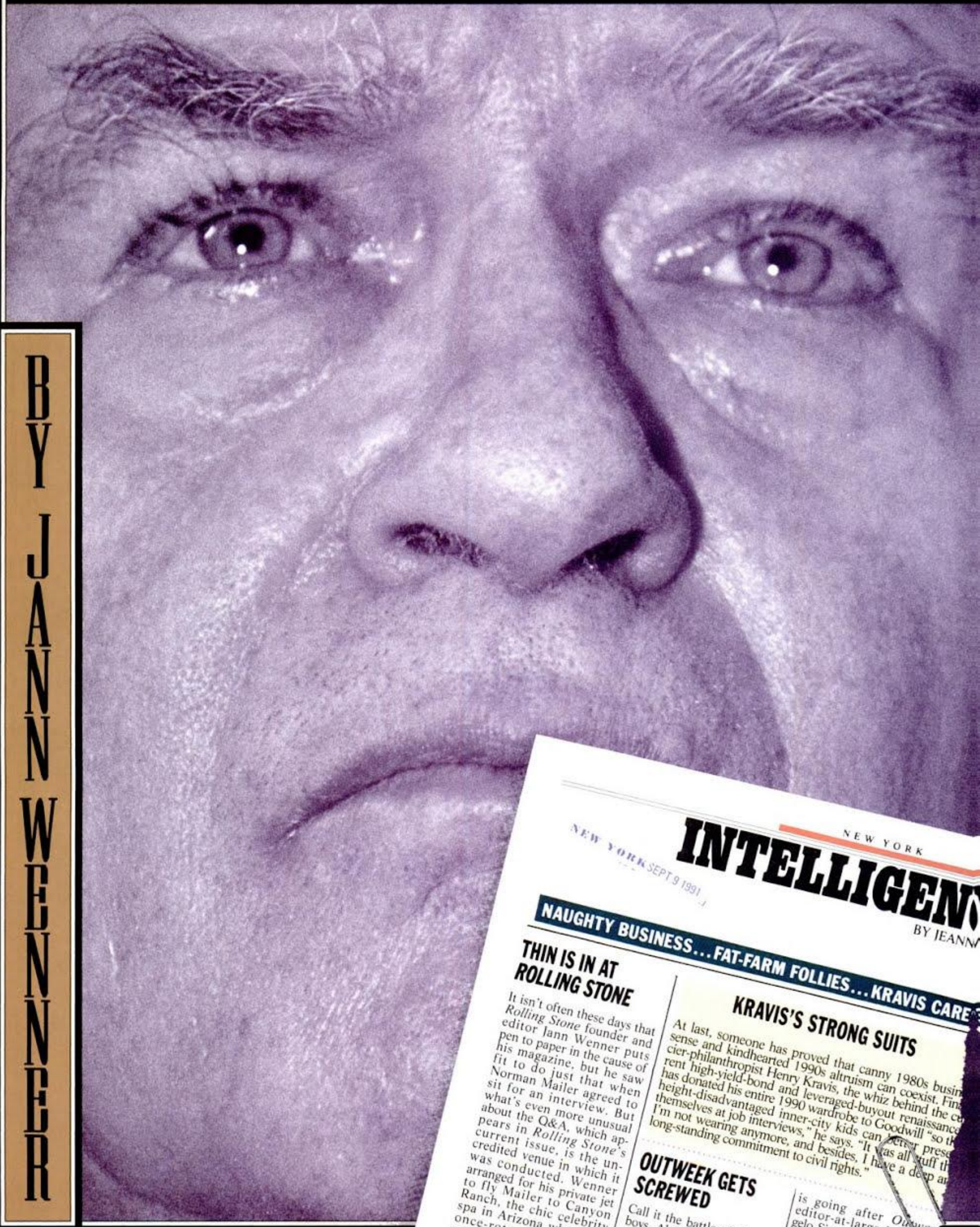
We set out for a jetty where Norman had earlier been reeling in said footballs with every cast. On the subject of fish and the gridiron, I related to Norman my coach's bit of prom-night sageness. "Your coach knew whereof he spoke," he said, proffering a *panetto* he'd stowed away in his tackle box. "Women are dangerous, but like a treasured, secret fishing hole, they bear undreamed-of rewards." I wished I'd possessed such eloquence at my meeting a few days earlier with Michelle Pfeiffer, who wants to star in the movie version of my book



Only salt air and booktalk can satisfy a man-size hunger. Right, Papa?

THE ROLLING STONE

BY JANN WENNER



NEW YORK
INTELLIGENT
BY JEANN

NEW YORK SEPT 9 1991
NAUGHTY BUSINESS... FAT-FARM FOLLIES... KRAVIS CARE

THIN IS IN AT ROLLING STONE

It isn't often these days that *Rolling Stone* founder and editor Jann Wenner puts pen to paper in the cause of his magazine, but he saw fit to do just that when Norman Mailer agreed to sit for an interview. But what's even more unusual about the Q&A, which appears in *Rolling Stone's* current issue, is the uncredited venue in which it was conducted. Wenner arranged for his private jet to fly Mailer to Canyon Ranch, the chic celebrity spa in Arizona where the once-rotund editor did much of his pound-shedding. Was Wenner trying to send Mailer a message?

KRAVIS'S STRONG SUITS

At last, someone has proved that canny 1980s business sense and kindhearted 1990s altruism can coexist. Financier-philanthropist Henry Kravis, the whiz behind the recent high-yield-bond and leveraged-buyout renaissance, has donated his entire 1990 wardrobe to Goodwill "so the height-disadvantaged inner-city kids can better present themselves at job interviews," he says. "It was all stuff I'm not wearing anymore, and besides, I have a deep and long-standing commitment to civil rights."

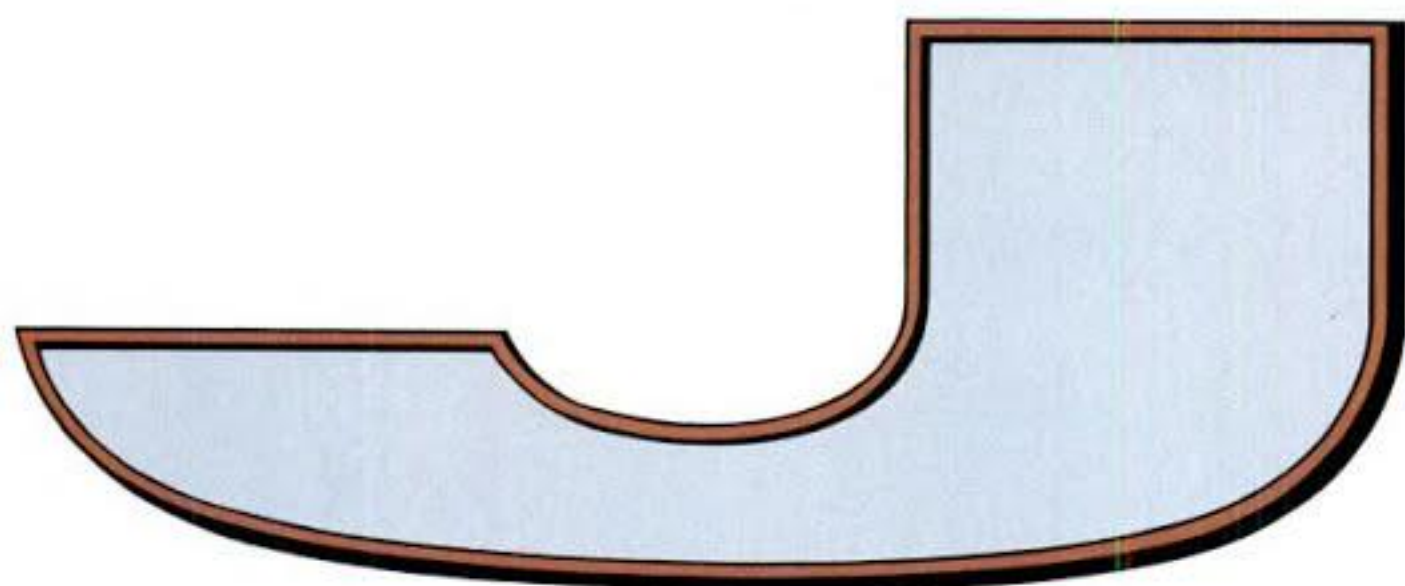
OUTWEEK GETS SCREWED

Call it the battle of the bad boys. Al Goldstein, the irascible founder of *Screw* magazine, has invented a kind of scandal.

is going after *Outweek* editor-at-large Michaelangelo Signorile. "I got friends who've seen the guy dry humping women in a bar," says Goldstein.

MAILER

NORMAN



imi, Jim, Janis and John are dead. Norman Mailer is one of the last great living rock stars. He came on the scene in 1948 with *The Naked and the Dead*, a novel that bespoke the horrors of war and paved the way for similar sentiments from poets like Bob

Dylan, Kurt Vonnegut and Oliver Stone. After that book became hot, Mailer's career caught fire, caught flak, went wild, got sidetracked, had its ups and downs and mayoral runs and boxing matches and dreams of Marilyn Monroe. But somehow Mailer survived it all. Now he has a new novel, *Harlot's Ghost*, on the way (and recently excerpted in

RS 608, 609 and 610). Six years in the making, the book is Mailer's masterpiece, his act of redemption, his reflection on the troubled times that produced him and the even more troubled times we live in now.

We sit outside over sandwiches and mineral water and talk about old times, hard times and the CIA.

I've lost some weight lately. Did you notice?

Yes, you're looking quite trim, Jann. Couldn't always say that about you.

What do you mean?

Nothing. Just that you used to weigh more.

Yeah, well, but I was never like, really, really fat.

It's not like I looked like a balloon—

No.

—like the Hindenburg or anything.

No, no, certainly not.

But you can see the difference.

Oh, yes, yes. Definitely. Now, my book—

Yes, I thought so, too. And I think it's going to stay off. I went out and bought five new Armanis to

celebrate. You see this? This cost \$2,000! How about you?

I don't believe I have any Armanis.

No, no, I mean, have you lost some weight?

I don't know, maybe. A pound or two.

How do you do it? What's your technique? I've been working with a personal trainer.

I guess I don't do anything really special. I just try to walk a little more and say no to that third bottle of wine.

And that does it?

Well, no, but I don't think about it much. I've just come to accept that I'm just a damned fat old man, and that's that.

You know what Mick does to stay fit? One week-end a month he does nothing but drink carrot juice.

Mick?

Jagger.

Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones?

Uh-huh.

The ectomorph? With the articulated rib cage?

Yeah. Now, you wrote The Executioner's Song,

right?

Yes.

Did extremely well with it.

Yes.

It was good. I remember reading some of it. You got a TV deal out of it, right?

Yes.

Now, did you see where Gary Gilmore's brother, Mikal, got a \$700,000 advance to write his version of the events?

I guess so.

Did you know he works for me? Mikal, that is?

Oh, vaguely....

Okay, consider this. First, he's writing about somebody you helped make famous. Second, he developed his skills as a writer in my magazine. Now—don't you think he owes us some of that advance?

Oh, I don't know. An existential debt, perhaps.

But none of the actual money?

No.

Well, it was just a thought. Are you going to finish that fruit compote? [Cont. on 149]

Tough guys wear topcoats, as Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin demonstrate, *this* page. Norman's polyester-and-cotton-poplin double-breasted trench, about \$595; goldenrod umbrella, \$35; both by Aquascutum. Jimmy's anthracite oiled-cotton double-breasted topcoat by Southfield for Royal Scot, about \$750; glasses by Oliver Peoples. Mailer and an acquaintance share a laugh, *opposite* page. Norman's flannel-lined khaki journalist's trench by Burberry, about \$625; tam-o'-shanter by The Irish Secret, New York. Her thigh boots and bustier by Jean-Paul Gaultier.

"A *damned* fat old man, that's what I am,"

says Mailer, whose new novel—the 1,024-page *Harlot's Ghost*—is no lightweight, either

Book Review

September 15, 1991

Section 7 Copyright © 1991 The New York Times



"For This Is the Urn in Which You Will Keep My Ashes Always," a novel by Joyce Carol Oates. Page 7.

Cloak and Dagger, Mailer-Style

HARLOT'S GHOST

By Norman Mailer.
1,024 pp. New York:
Random House. \$24.95.

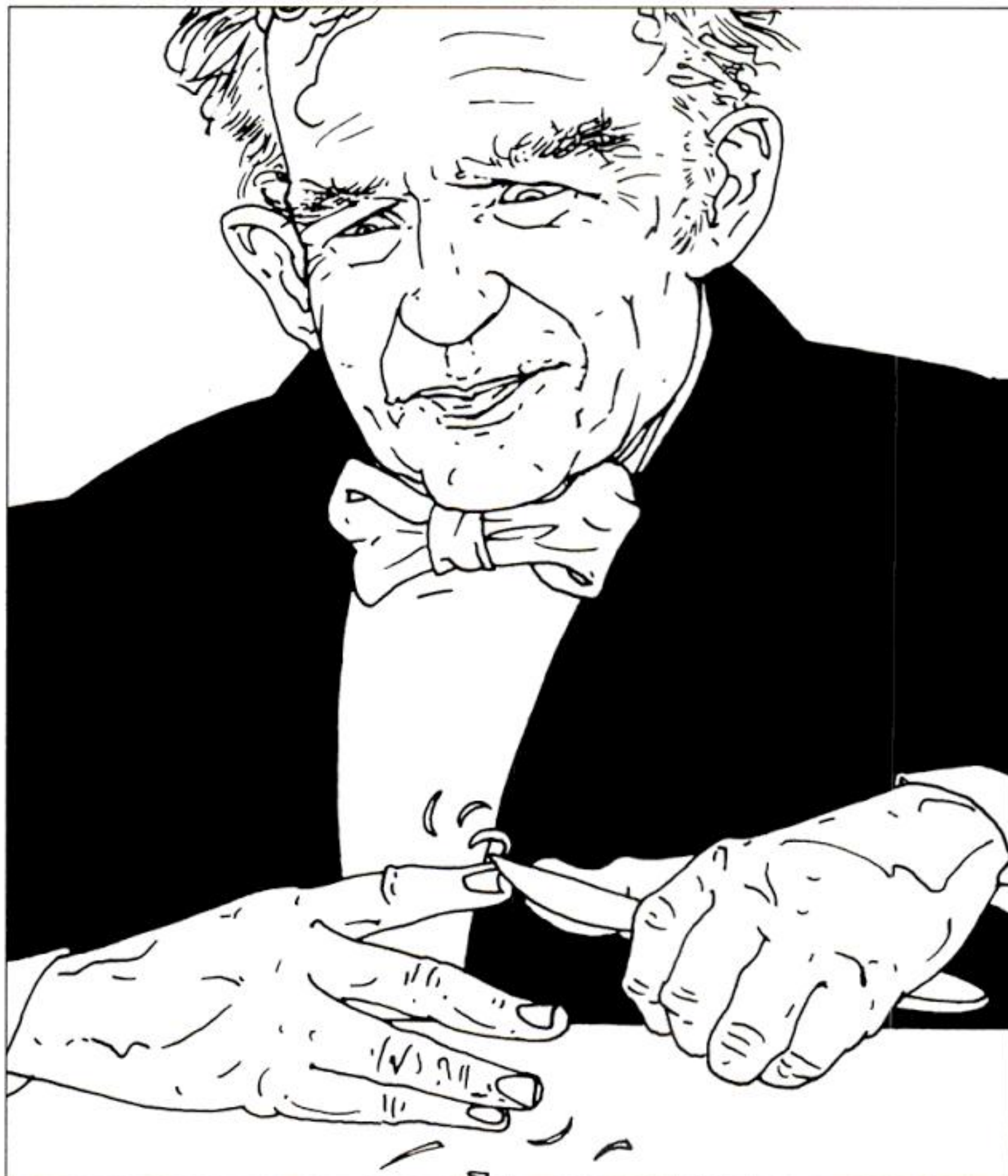
By Salman Rushdie

WELL, whaddaya know! One sometimes brilliant, sometimes mad American institution writing about another! Norman Mailer, bless him, has taken it upon himself to spend the better part of the last decade researching and assembling a novel about the Central Intelligence Agency, and here it is, "Harlot's Ghost," coming in at—like, *whoa!*—1,024 pages. You'll recall that the last time Mailer undertook a fiction of such scope he produced "Ancient Evenings," which, alas, is to the Book of the Dead what "Pretty Woman" is to "Pygmalion" (and without the pleasures afforded by a constant view of Julia Roberts—how often I've asked Constable Addison to have that one delivered!).

This time around, dear Norman has a better command of his chosen subject, and his prose follows suit. His struggles to separate himself—his favorite subject—from the novel are not altogether oblique, though. The last time I saw him, in 1986 at a barbecue round Ed Doctorow's, he was neck-deep in composing "Harlot," and he let me in on a few chapters. Over a pair of Meister Braus and many, many grilled wursts—"A damned fat old man, Sammy, that's what I am," he intoned, as if I'd broken him down under cross-examination—we discussed Montague, code name Harlot, his hero-villain. "He's the sort who regards the universe as a great [coarse term for a woman's sexual organs] and feels life's not worth living if you're not willing to throw yourself into a dubious [episode of coitus] with a mean woman," Norman told me. "There's obviously going to be this perception," he continued, "because Harlot is an older man who's led this Grand Guignol life, because he's known both madness and extraordinary success, both belonging and a sense of pretending, that I'm exorcising my own demons. Well, that just isn't so."

Bosh. "Harlot's Ghost" is, in essence, part two of
Continued on page 14

Salman Rushdie's most recent book is "Imaginary Homelands," a collection of essays. He is currently at work on a novel.



DAVID JOHNSON

Fool, Look Into Thy Heart and Interface

By James Atlas

MY first encounter with a word processor was much like my first encounter with a willing sweetheart: awkward, but...

lack of experiential world-know—my bap education of t Within weeks colleagues cou

James Atlas of Delmore Sc

PC was useful in revising "Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet," so I took it wherever I

new font for my biography of Schwartz. But to my

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of times the word *existential* appears in Norman Mailer's novel *Harlot's Ghost*: 19

Number of times the word *fuck* appears in *Harlot's Ghost*: 177

Amount, in pounds, of hors d'oeuvres ordered by real estate broker Alice Mason for party celebrating the publication of *Harlot's Ghost*: 600

Rank of gardening, among hobbies of upper-middle-class part-time New Yorkers: 1

Number of seeds promised in Burpee zinnia-seed packet: 50

Copyrighted material

Forever young?

Sorry, no. Bob Dylan—suddenly 50 years old—has declined into a loopy, very occasionally inspired parody of his once-great self. JOE QUEENAN explains what happened and asks Dylan about his future.

"Yeah, well, um...well, you know, things could change at any time," Dylan says. Don't count on it.

The Free-fallin' Bob Dylan

EXCLUSIVE POLYSYLLABIC

AS A COOL OCTOBER EVENING FALLS ON EISENHOWER Hall at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, about an hour's drive north of New York City, the women inside selling calico piglets, cow-shaped oven mitts and pussycat chess sets are looking a bit glum. Of all unlikely things, West Point's Eisenhower Hall has been the site of a crafts fair this day, and it seems to have been a success. The women, though, no doubt hoped they would make lots of extra sales to the crowd gathering for the performance at the Hall that night—Hal Linden with the Rockettes. For synergistic marketing, you couldn't do much better than to combine calico piglets with Hal Linden belting out the Liza songbook. Unfortunately, Linden and the Rockettes have canceled, and the audience that has shown up for the replacement act is not buying.

True, there are hundreds of couples in their forties, and that's a pretty good age group if you're selling cow-shaped oven mitts, but these 40-year-olds look like college-professor types. Maybe they would go for *antique* cow-shaped oven mitts? There are a few teenagers in freshly laundered tie-dyed T-shirts. As potential customers, the worst are the people who look the way the farmers in these parts did around 1850—the men with their beards and shapeless hats, the women, a lot fewer of them, with their hair very simple and no makeup and big clunky shoes. Finally, hundreds of cadets have arrived, all dressed in gray. This strange brew of locals requires an explanation. It is simply this: of all unlikely things, the performer this night at Eisenhower Hall at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point is Bob Dylan.

ILLUSTRATION BY MILTON GLASER



YLAN INTERVIEW

If any institution could be described as a place where none is the number, where black is the color, where the masters of war stick guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children, that institution is West Point. The appearance there of the man who wrote "The Times They Are A-Changin'," "Blowin' in the Wind," "With God on Our Side" and other songs intended to make the Pentagon tremble seems a little incongruous. However, when it is suggested to Barbara Sarff, assistant director for the theater, that Dylan's booking may have culturally anomalous overtones, she replies, "Eisenhower Hall is a performing-

arts center that sponsors a *wide* range of cultural events in the Hudson Valley region."

And why should a mere publicist at Eisenhower Hall find it curious and ironic that Bob Dylan is playing West Point when Dylan himself, a man who was once widely believed to be divine, does not? Some months later, when I ask him about the West Point show in an interview, Dylan says, "Uh, the West Point show... was that before New York?" Reminded that it was indeed before he performed at the Beacon Theater in New York, Dylan responds, "Ohhhh... okay. That was probably flown in—that show was, uh, just booked in that... because it was in that area." He ignores a hint that the implications of this appearance are interesting: "It was a decent show. It—no, it was a great show, wasn't it? There was a large pit there, and they didn't allow people to go across it." To the question of whether he felt strange playing to a sea of gray-uniformed cadets, Dylan says only, "Well, every show is different, you know? There wasn't anything unusual about it, except my recollection is that there might have been some problems that particular evening

because of the stage setup. My recollection of the show is more in that area instead of the crowd or the facility where the show was happening. They seemed to be an enthusiastic crowd." Pressed further on whether he saw any incongruity in singing protest songs to this particular audience, Dylan says, "Do you remember when this show was?"

(Getting an interview with Bob Dylan is only slightly less

difficult than persuading Pol Pot to free up some time on his calendar. Requests are submitted in writing and relayed to Dylan by his press agent, Elliot Mintz, who then transmits the message that the request either has been turned down or has "fallen into the category of a nonrejected request." Once a request becomes a nonrejected request, Mintz alerts the potential interviewer to "windows of opportunity" during which Dylan may be in the right mood to chat. In this case, the first window of opportunity was expected to open around February 20, six weeks after the original request, but Mintz said Dylan was too overcome by receiving a Lifetime Achievement Grammy award to agree to an interview and instead had retreated first to Mexico, then to "a tropical island with no telephones." Mintz eventually said that a brief conversation on Thursday, March 28, was not inconceivable. But he could not promise that Dylan would call this reporter, nor could he specify what time of day Dylan would call, if in fact he did call. The most Mintz could do was to say that if Dylan did not call on Thursday, he would never call. Mintz seems to have taken PR lessons from Samuel Beckett. At an unappointed hour on the appointed day, Mintz called to say that he was on his way over to Dylan's house to see if

Getting an interview with Bob Dylan is only slightly easier than persuading Pol Pot to free up some time



BOBBY: clockwise from top left, Dylan and Joan Baez actually looking happy, 1965; Byronic Bob; "How many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free?"; perfect folkie cool; innocence, giddiness, promise, 1963

For He's a Jingle-Jangle Good Fellow!

A SPY 50TH-BIRTHDAY
CELEBRATION

Given the course of Bob Dylan's career over the last two decades, the slogan whose attitude he once epitomized—"Don't trust anyone over 30"—may have been wiser than anyone knew. Still, 50 is a pretty important milestone and should be celebrated accordingly. STEVE TURNER asked some of Dylan's friends and admirers for their thoughts on a suitable gift.



BONO

"A copy of *Finnegans Wake*."

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

"A brand-new leopard-skin pillbox hat."



JOHN LEE HOOKER

"I'd give him my Cadillac."



GEORGE HARRISON

"A 1015 Wurlitzer CD jukebox."

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

"A shaman's drum."



ARLO GUTHRIE

"A sense of humor."

Dylan was "up for it." Said Mintz, "If this comes down, it will take place at around 9:30 p.m. If he's not up for it, I'll call to say that he's not." At 10:20, Mintz called to say Dylan was ready to talk.)

If we had no other evidence than this haziness about West Point that Dylan has become completely oblivious to his legend and to the world as a whole, we might speculate that these responses were a Dylanesque joke at a reporter's expense, that he was toying with his interviewer as he had done so often and so famously in the sixties. Unfortunately, we have lots of other evidence. The first exhibit might be Dylan's appearance at the Grammy Awards last spring. If any of the tens of millions of people watching had not already realized that Bob Dylan, poet, wit, heartrending vocalist, hipster, scourge, had turned into Bob Dylan, somewhat pathetic kook—well, now they knew.

Wearing one of those distinctive hats of his that make him look like a refugee from *Hee Haw*, Dylan first played an incomprehensible, Gatling-gun version of "Masters of War." Then Dylan bemused his patient listeners with this acceptance speech: "Well, uh, all right.... Yeah.... Well, my daddy, he didn't leave me too much; you know, he was a very simple man, and he didn't leave me a lot. But what he told me was this: he said, 'Son,' he said, um..." A long pause. "He said so many things, you know. But he did say, he said, 'It's possible to become so defiled in this world that your own mother and father will abandon you. And if that happens, God will always believe in your ability to mend your own ways.' Thank you." Tantalizing; inscrutable; nuts.

Not to Dylan, though. When he is asked about the Grammy performance, he sounds downright jolly, taking the whole thing in stride. "That song may be retired," he says. He goes on: "The flu greeted me that morning in a big way. All my drainpipes were stopped up. Those kinds of things just happen to me, the night of... the night I'm going to be on a big TV show, and the inside of my head was feeling like the Grand Canyon or something. It was not a good night for me. But the song would have come off probably better if my head had been able to get more or less into it." Why did he play "Masters of War" that evening? "We just did that one.... You know, war going on and all that."

Dylan's nonchalance has its charm. One can almost admire him for taking this approach to an occasion of such monumental insincerity and commercialism as the Grammys. With a lot of effort, one might even divine some profoundly apt sentiment in his speech. Maybe in a convoluted way one can explain the value of breaking one of his classics into shards—if you want note-perfect renditions of oldies, that's what the Beach Boys are for. *Maybe* one could look at it this way. But nothing can excuse the hat.

BOB DYLAN TURNED 50 ON MAY 24, 1991 ("WELL, TO ME IT'S JUST ANOTHER BIRTHDAY," he says), and it seems clear that the second 25 years of his life have been less kind to him than the first. He is still capable of writing stunning songs—like the one for his current video, "Series of Dreams"—and it might be too much to ask of anyone to stay brilliant and pure while those around him, ourselves included, sink into dullness and compromise; but his degeneration has been painful to witness.

In 1966, Dylan suddenly withdrew from the public and spent eight quiet years mostly in Woodstock, New York—not so far from West Point, as a matter of fact. He claimed to have injured himself badly in a motorcycle accident, but many believe that the accident was trivial and that Dylan was really using it as an excuse to escape the mounting pressures and obligations of superstardom. By the time of his retreat to the country at age 25, Dylan had recorded two very good albums (*Another Side of Bob Dylan*, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*), two magnificent albums (*The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, *Bringing It All Back Home*) and two albums that neither he nor anyone else would ever surpass (*Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde*). He had become the object of more international fascination than any individual since Byron. He had proved himself to be the wittiest and most moving composer and performer of folk songs to have come out of the folk movement, and the writer of the most important protest songs in the days of the civil-rights movement. He had made a second career, as it were, in rock 'n' roll and had become arguably the most important figure in rock history—more important than Elvis because he wrote his own songs, full of musical imagination; more important than the Beatles because of his sway over John Lennon, his lyrics ("I Am the Walrus" sounds like Dylan on his day off) and his bluesiness; more important than the Rolling Stones because, well, he was more important than the Rolling Stones. He had dominated the ultrahip Warhol-Chelsea Hotel scene and

had taken more drugs earlier than Lou Reed; he was a very sharp dresser.

And Dylan's influence was pervasive. A partial list of the things Dylan is primarily or exclusively responsible for would have to include protest music, hostile press conferences, Jimi Hendrix's hair, cheap sunglasses, pretentious liner notes, singer-songwriters with horrible voices, two-record sets, turning the Beatles on to marijuana, and sincere, pasty-faced folksingers who make every subway on the planet a living hell.

Given the apex of political, musical and stylistic coolness that Dylan had reached in 1966, it should come as no surprise that the subsequent acts of his life have been less satisfying. For a quarter of a century, he has suffered from the fact that had he hit his head a bit harder one July afternoon in the Catskills, he would be regarded as the rock James Dean, the tortured genius who lived fast, died young and left an exquisite corpse. The Jim Morrison cult would have looked like some minor sect compared with the posthumous religion of Dylan. As music critic Stephen Fried says, Dylan's early demise

Asked why he makes so many records, Dylan says, "They're just records that are fulfilling my contract, which they give to me"

would have suited some people just fine: "Critics want rock stars to make three great albums and then die." Which a surprising number have been more than willing to do.

But Dylan did not die. Instead, he lived on to make one album, *Blood on the Tracks*, that may just be the equal of *Blonde on Blonde*, three others that are worth buying (*John Wesley Harding*, *Desire*, *Slow Train Coming*) and three others that are worth thinking about buying (*Shot of Love*, *Infidels*, *Oh Mercy*).

Dylan lived to become a born-again Christian in the 1970s. (He was raised Jewish, and his real name is Robert Zimmerman. Despite his conversion, he appeared on the Chabad telethon in 1989 performing "Hava Nagila" as part of a trio called Chopped Liver.) Dylan lived to bloat his raw, crackling sound grotesquely with full-tilt, hydrocephalic, late-period-Elvis production values—the uptown horns, the Jimmy Smith organ swells, the oohing-and-aahing girl backup singers who make Dylan sound as if he were being held hostage in an abandoned warehouse by Gladys Knight and the Pips. And, perhaps worst of all, Dylan lived to appear in the never-released 1986 film *Hearts of Fire*, in which he plays an aging rock star who raises chickens.

First Subject of Cinema Verité Documentary About Pop Star (*Don't Look Back*, 1967)

Let It Be, 1970

Gimme Shelter, 1970

The Last Waltz, 1976

Rattle and Hum, 1988

Truth or Dare, 1991

First Pop Star to Write and Star in Incredibly Self-indulgent and Commercially Disastrous Semiautobiographical Film (*Renaldo and Clara*, 1978)

One-Trick Pony, 1980

Give My Regards to Broad Street, 1984

Graffiti Bridge, 1990

200 Motels, 1971

This Is Spinal Tap, 1984

First Annoyingly Self-righteous Rock Protest Singer

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

the Clash

Sting

U2

Tracy Chapman

Sinéad O'Connor

Children of a Lesser Bob

The Dylan Family Tree When the bassist for the second-hottest Australian postpunk band talks to *Spin* in sneering riddles, we have Bob Dylan to thank. Prince's lyrics—full of freakish characters—ultimately derive from Bob Dylan's lyrics. Without Bob Dylan, who wore Ray-Bans always in 1963, we would not all wear Ray-Bans always now. Here's our exhaustive guide to the Dylan legacy.

First Enigmatic-Singer-Songwriter-Who-Can't-Sing

Roger McGuinn

Neil Young

Randy Newman

Harry Nilsson

Jackson Browne

Tom Petty

Tom Waits-Rickie Lee Jones

Edie Brickell



JUDY COLLINS
"A pair of sneakers."

KEITH RICHARDS
"I'm having something special made up for him, so if you want to know what it is, you'll have to ask him after he's got it."

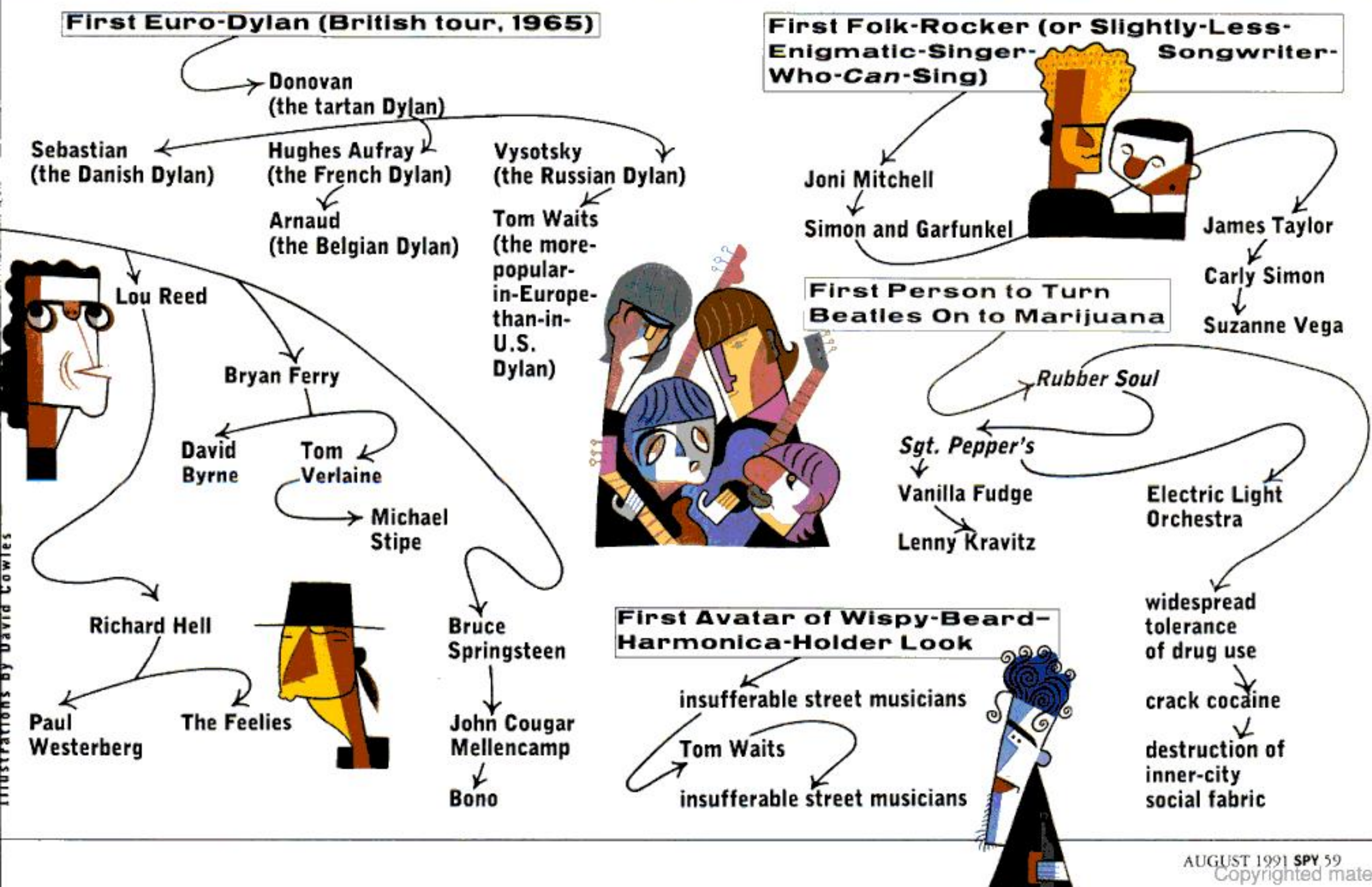


PETE SEEGER
"A little peace and quiet and an invisible cloak that would enable him to go wherever he wanted without being hassled."

With *Infidels* in 1983 and *Oh Mercy* in 1989, each of which has a handful of fine songs, Dylan raised hopes that he could return to something like his old form. After *Infidels*, these hopes were greeted with *Empire Burlesque*, a record of which Neil Diamond would be proud; after *Oh Mercy*, these hopes were greeted with *Under the Red Sky*. *Under the Red Sky* includes the song "Wiggle Wiggle." Its lyrics run, "Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, like a bowl of soup/Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a rolling hoop." (Actually, these are not the most embarrassing lyrics Dylan has ever written. Those lyrics are from his 1979 song "Gotta Serve Somebody": "You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy/You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy.") Peter, Paul and Mary made 22-year-old Bob Dylan a songwriting star with their massively successful recording of "Blowin' in the Wind" in 1963. Says Peter Yarrow, "One can surmise that [Dylan] does these things from the heart and doesn't scope out the sagacity of everything he does. That's what keeps him clean." He adds, "What we're seeing is works in progress that didn't work."

"There aren't many steady-on albums," says Joan Baez, who also helped make Dylan famous almost three decades ago. Indeed, Dylan may finally have achieved the mediocrity and near oblivion he has seemed, perversely, to seek for so long. His work with the Traveling Wilburys is fun but silly. (Noel Stookey, the "Paul" of Peter, Paul and Mary, says of the Wilburys, "It's a little like going bowling.") *Biograph*, released in 1985, is a 53-song compilation that is impressive only because it reminds you of Dylan's past. The three-CD *Bootleg Series Volumes 1-3*, issued by Columbia last spring, contains a lot of alternate tracks and unreleased songs that were probably left off Dylan albums because they were the ninth-best cuts he'd recorded that week. Never a great commercial success, Dylan has had sales of about 300,000 copies with his recent albums (M.C. Hammer's latest has sold 15-million). As a result of sixties nostalgia, college students do feel they should own one Dylan record, so he has become to campuses of the early 1990s what John Coltrane was to campuses of the early 1970s.

Dylan will continue to put out record after record; he will continue to tour and tour and tour. Only now, any hope for a sustained return of Dylan's wit, intelligence and passion may finally—finally—have died. If his audiences still had that hope, he would disappoint them, but he does not even do that.



THE REASONS FOR DYLAN'S ARRIVAL AT THIS PASS ARE A SUBJECT OF ENDLESS FASCINATION to his admirers. Some point to Dylan's split from his wife, Sara Lowndes, with whom he had four children, in 1977. (Among other problems, Mrs. Dylan was shocked to find that her rock-star husband had strayed into the arms of other women while he was on the road.) Others wonder whether Dylan's fondness for intoxicants has begun to tell on him.

Mick Taylor, the ex-Rolling Stones lead guitarist whose playing helped make Dylan's 1983 album *Infidels* such a success, clearly idolizes Dylan. Nevertheless, he is puzzled as to why Dylan would leave a profoundly beautiful song like "Blind Willie McTell" off *Infidels* while including several so-so tracks. Does anyone working with Dylan ever try to intervene when the songwriter makes such decisions? "There are certain people who can sit down and say things to Bob Dylan," Taylor says. "He just doesn't have to listen to them." If the results are so often so painful, though, you wonder why Dylan releases about an album a year. Taylor speculates that this decision has little to do with Dylan's boundless creative energy. "It's to fulfill contracts, I guess," says Taylor. "When he made *Infidels*, you could see that he was really inspired, and that he's a really great singer when he's relaxed. But when I talked to him recently, he said, 'You know me, Mick; I can only write songs when my back is to the wall.'"

Dylan volunteers the same answer when asked why he makes records. "Usually my records are turned in on some kind of a contractual deadline," he says. "If they didn't want me with the company, they wouldn't continue to give me a contract. They're just records that are fulfilling my contract, which they give to me." He laughs merrily. Asked if there are some records he cares about more than others, Dylan replies, "Well, yeah, there are some that stay with you longer than others.... To me, though, there's something about all

of them that I get something out of. They're just not all filler." Does that mean there is some filler on his records? "Some filler?" says Dylan. "Oh, yeah—depending on what your standards of filler might be. There's filler, and then there's songs that aren't performed as good as they could be for all kinds of reasons. There's some songs buried on my records that are good songs that just aren't performed well, and then there's some songs that are performed well that aren't necessarily very good songs."

Dylan's work habits certainly don't encourage consistency. "He doesn't like to explain things," says Taylor. "He comes into the studio and starts playing the piano, and you just have to make sure the engineer has the tape running." Responding to the complaints of fussbudgets who have taken

him to task for his carefree, let's-make-an-album-and-get-out-of-here-by-midnight approach to recording, Dylan has periodically enlisted respected producers to help him make well-engineered bad records to stand in contrast to his early, badly engineered great records. Fortunately, these producers have usually failed to change Dylan's ways, thus saving him from making the kind of

gorgeous, fake records that Paul Simon—with his ingenious brand of tribal Muzak—has perfected.

"People say that [I make a lot of records]," Dylan says. "Well, Willie Nelson puts out maybe ten times as many records as me. Merle Haggard puts out a record all the time. You know, it's all part of a racket."

It may be a racket, but no one can accuse Dylan of micromanaging his career. Consider his new video, a quintessential Dylan project in

"It's very difficult to sing along with me," Dylan says, "because it's never clear to me where my own voice is going"



ZIMMY: clockwise from above, when Dylan was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1988, the end-of-ceremonies jam included a rendition of "Like a Rolling Stone" (Bruce and Mick remembered the lyrics—did Dylan?); the lead singer of Chopped Liver on the Chabad telethon; a coy Dylan poses with the Wilburys



JOHNNY CASH
"Peace of mind."



SUZANNE VEGA
"A painting by Francis Bacon."

LITTLE RICHARD
"Longevity both as a person and as an artist. I would also buy more paper for him to write more great poetry."



ALLEN GINSBERG
"I'd suggest that the major media commission lengthy essays that examine Dylan's works as a minstrel, sympathetically accounting the progression of his phases of interest, empathetically tracing his technical, ethical, religious and political moves in a reasonable way, absent of smart-aleck cynicism, motivated by an admiration for his obvious intelligence, abundance, maintenance of dignified privacy and ability to manifest humane changes of spirit and thought—that he be accorded the same dignities as Yeats, Eliot, Stevens, Bunting, Pound and other twentieth-century poetic peers."



MICK JAGGER
"After seeing him on the Grammy Awards, I'd get him a new hat and a good song." 🐾

that it features a terrific song, "Series of Dreams," that Dylan inexplicably left off *Oh Mercy*. When Dylan is asked how much input he supplied to the project, he replies, "Not much. They had me come downtown to a meat-packing place and photographed me walking around." Told that the video intersperses classic 1960s Dylan footage with ominous pictures of Jack Kerouac's grave, he exclaims, "What?! Why'd they put something like that in there?" Then he thinks about it. "Maybe it had something to do with the song. But it's not me that made that video. Nobody's even shown it to me. This was something that was done with very little participation on my part."

Both Dylan's relentlessness and his perversity are evident in his concerts. He has been performing almost nonstop for 17 years—on the Never-Ending Tour, as he called it in 1988. Will he tour forever? "Oh, yeah. When you start out, that's what you want to do, you want to be able to work in this arena no matter what, in good times or bad times." Like Chuck Berry, like Ray Charles, Dylan crosses the country, and the world, performing over and over in the same halls, year after year. And like those artists, he has been doing what amounts to an oldies show: more than half of his West Point concert, for instance, consisted of songs written before 1966. But at least Dylan has made it the world's strangest, sloppiest oldies show. Usually the tour bands simply scaffold his songs with indiscriminate session-man rock. The British punk-folkie Billy Bragg admires Dylan for the way he performs live: "He's not letting them wallow in nostalgia. He plays 'Wiggle Wiggle' with the same conviction that he plays 'The Times They Are A-Changin'.' He's deconstructing his songs right in front of your very eyes. He's trying to demythologize himself."

He's succeeding. At his concert late last year at New York's Beacon Theater, the audience repeatedly tried to sing along with hits such as "Like a Rolling Stone." Dylan was *having none of that*. By speeding up the songs or spitting out the lyrics in mangled Dylanese, he made it impossible for anyone to sing along with him. "They can't do that, and they never could," he says, with more assertiveness than at any other point in the interview. "That was never my thing; *nobody* could ever sing along with me. Well, maybe a couple people down in front in the first row, but outside of that it's very difficult to sing along with me because it's never clear to me where my own voice is going." He goes on, laughing, "Well, you know, 20,000 people singing 'Darkness on the Edge of Town,' you know, like...one night Bruce [Springsteen] had everybody singing that with him, and it sounded pretty good, and it's something people think about, but it's never really occurred to me to make people do that."

Maybe anarchy is better than a roomful of thickened, balding dads accompanying the Four Tops on their 65,000th identical rendition of "It's the Same Old Song," but it's still an oldies show. Dylan, however, says it isn't his fault if the majority of the songs he performs are more than 20 years old. A decade ago he tried to do new songs. The response was terrible. "People didn't like those tunes," he says. "They rejected all that stuff when my show would be all off the new album. People would shout, 'We want to hear the old songs.' You know...at a certain point, it doesn't really matter anymore."

WELL, EXACTLY. ON A CHILLY OCTOBER NIGHT IN WEST POINT, DYLAN CHARGES HIS way through number after number. He plays "Gates of Eden" and "Blowin' in the Wind," and the rows of cadets look on in delight, oblivious to the meaning or probably even the identity of the songs in their mutated forms. One oldie ends this way:

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead.

The words are unintelligible, but the folkies are happy. The Audi owners are enjoying themselves. The Garth Hudson impersonators are glad they came. The kids in the tie-dyed sixties-retro T-shirts seem pleasantly surprised by how loud the band is playing. The cadets applaud. Even without the Rockettes, "Masters of War" goes over pretty well. 🐾

A Not-Altgether-Delightful American Summer Picture Portfolio

Town *and* Country

Essay by **Luc Sante**

Black-and-white photographs by **Andrew Savulich**

Color photographs by **David Graham**





Shriner at Veterans Day parade,
Yuma, Arizona, *above*

IT'S MORNING IN AMERICA, BUB. FOR BREAKFAST WE'VE GOT A JUMPER WHO'S made it over the ten-foot fence on the observation deck of the Empire State Building and is currently dithering on the brink of the precipice. For elevenses there'll be a glimpse of the ongoing freak show among the lawn-butts of the hinterland, maybe a couple of Joes taking their ease as animal blood dries on their hands. Every second as you read this, 10 million people are being photographed—half of them looking stupid, the other half in mortal peril.

The photographs of David Graham are pictures from Heaven—a warehouse-outlet, vinyl-siding, butter-substitute, permanent-press kind of Heaven. The photographs of Andrew Savulich are pictures from hell—the real thing. Can we even pretend that they are documenting the same society? Is there a hidden link between the man calmly raking algae at the bottom of a lake and the man squashed down on the asphalt of West 49th Street by a pack of happy vigilantes? Are these two separate dominions, the one ruled by Gallant, the other by Goofus? After all, in Graham's four-color world the Army carries out burlesque maneuvers on the football field at halftime, while in Savulich's black and white, peaceful citizens get perforated as they snooze. They are both theatrical spaces, these two worlds, to be

Driver laughing after car wreck, FDR Drive, left



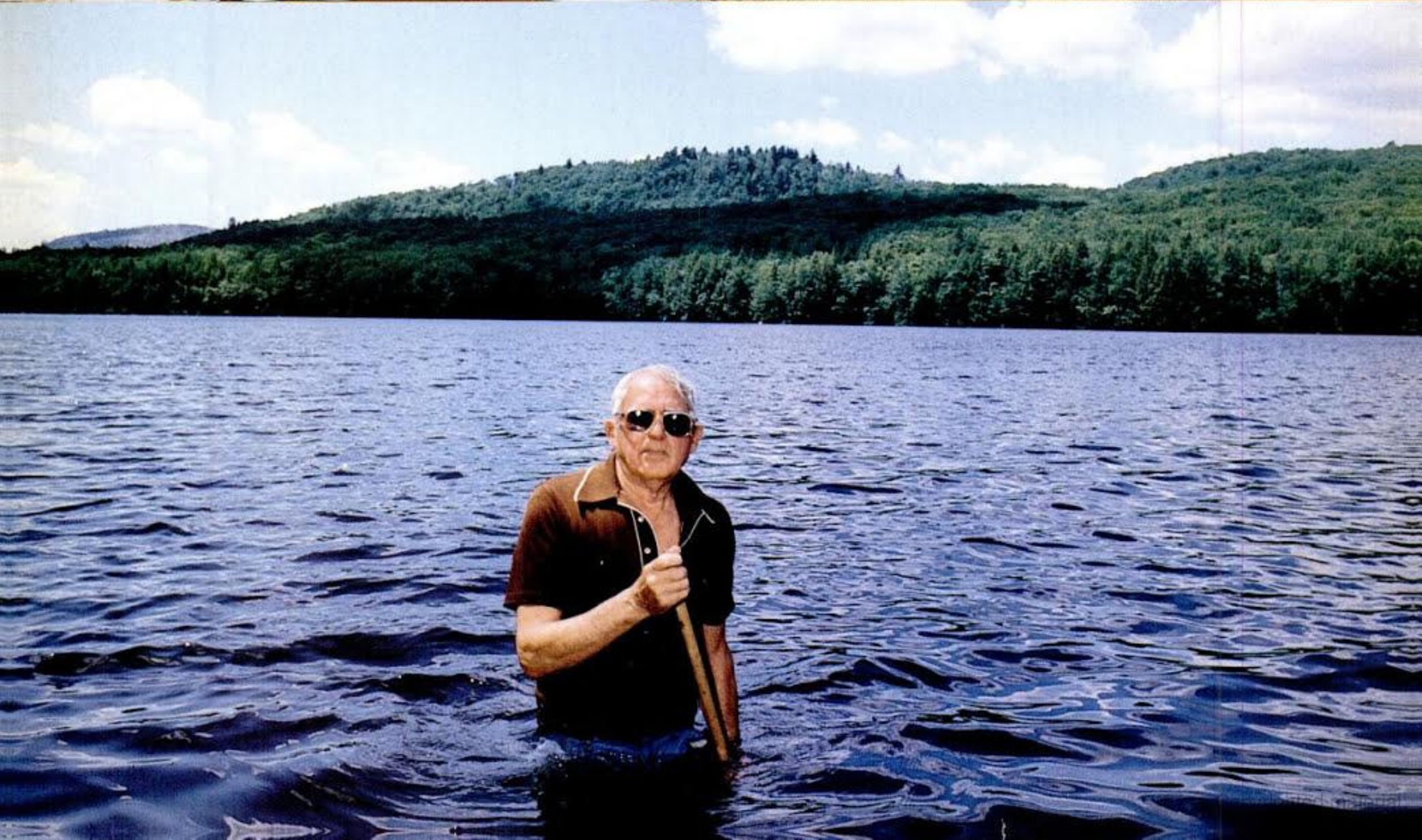
Right, top to bottom, successful deer hunters, Newtown, Pennsylvania; man shot in buttocks while sleeping on bench, Central Park; tourists trying to see jumper hanging over 86th-floor observation platform of the Empire State Building



sure. However, in one of them crowds gather to stare at victims or to lay side bets on potential DOAs, the old Roman spectacle. In the other, three generations of angry men mope among the ladders and storm windows of an ersatz-brick-faced house, looking for all the world like principals in a 1947 little-theater production lit by a single hanging bulb.

"American life is a billboard," wrote Harold Rosenberg. "Individual life in the U.S. includes something nameless that takes place in the weeds behind it." What these two sets of images have in common — besides the fact that two sets of cunning eyes were responsible — is that none of them fit any official profile, any market-research gloss of what the nation is supposed to look like. It is all marginality and scrabbling. What looks like a city full of predators and a roadside full of clowns is a single, textured landscape populated by desperadoes of the most varied sorts — voyeurs, exhibitionists, sleaze-balls, circuit riders, victims, dupes, marks, consumers and, above all, the great mass of the befuddled, which of course includes you and me. The hazard in looking at these pictures is believing the viewer is in any way above, beyond or exempt from the circus pictured in them. You may want to distance yourself from the extremes that Savulich serves up, but his method — half Weegee, half war photography — slams you into the thick of it, where it is maybe a little less difficult to identify with the luckless alleged perpetrator than with the jokers who've pinned him. Savulich's focus is on the figure at the bottom of the pile. Graham's pictures are carefully composed depictions of humans who have willingly dropped their pants to display their polka-dot underwear — snickering may be the obvious immediate response, but then you remember, what about the times *you* have looked foolish, accidentally

Doorman cleaning up after suicide, Gramercy Park Hotel, left



Right, top to bottom, bicycle messenger after being attacked by angry motorists, 34th Street; citizen's arrest of alleged pickpocket, 49th Street; Army-Navy game, Philadelphia

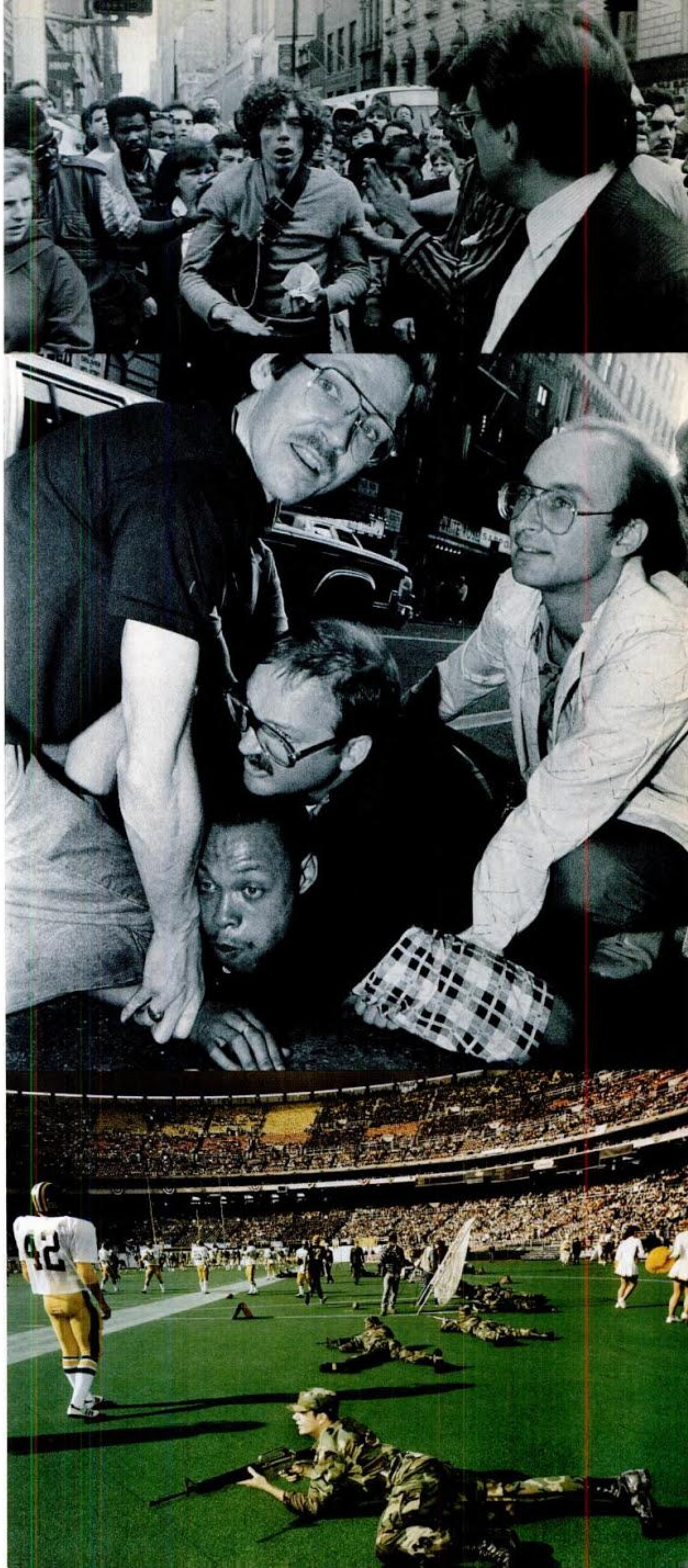
or on purpose, and thought it was a good thing no one was around with a camera?

Savulich's city is in black and white—most assuredly not the black and white of moral certitude but the black and white of wire-service transmission, of tabloids and film noir, of shadows and floodlights, of surveillance videos and mug shots. His camera is not just any intrusive box—it is an active instrument in the urban combat. You can see it, for example, in the face of the bicycle messenger hounded by a mob, looking to the lens as toward a haven.

Graham paints his roadside (for that is what it is, since there is really no more "countryside") in garish, saturated color, the kind that conjures up linen postcards and 1950s issues of *Arizona Highways*, colors that say "natural" and "phony" in the same breath. They are the colors of optimism and America Firstism and expansionism, adapted to the shrunk horizons of the 1990s. His subjects at first glance seem ridiculous, but beyond that there is an unexpected lyricism, of learning to make do and extracting fun from the junk at hand. Where once thousands of Shriners rolled in great fleets of midget DeSotos, now there's one guy looking diffident in his plastic Mustang. Once life was like a football game; now war *is* a football game. The result is somewhere between pathetic and cozy, and all too human. Graham says "please" and "thank you," and his subjects comply. People are flattered to have their picture taken.

These two photographers' pictures are not scenes from *A Day in the Life* of that mythical, picturesque nation we have learned to love from its iconography, that place where schoolchildren line up at dawn in their yellow slickers to catch a color-coordinated bus as it emerges from the purple mist. Theirs is the country underneath. ▢

Opposite page, top, Mr. Fixits, Niagara Falls; bottom, Leon Vanna rakes Watson Pond, Maine



Unnatural Clauses

**Kurosawa Directs Milken,
Erica Jong Becomes
What She Beholds, and
Miss Saigon Gets Fenced In**

by Humphrey Greddon

In most reviews and magazine stories, a use of metaphor or figurative language in general is to good writing what wearing a tie clip or a tie stickpin or one of those odd looping tie chains is to being well dressed, so to speak. For example, here is an analogy from one of Jami Bernard's movie reviews in the *New York Post*: "Just as nature abhors a vacuum, society evidently abhors contrast." In fact, this is not evident to me. To me, *nature* is to *vacuum* as *society* is to *the peace and quiet I try to maintain in the evenings when I listen to my English as a Second Language tapes at home*—with English as both my first and second languages, I will have a spare—*while my neighbors hold raucous drinks parties that include something called a "conga line" snaking through my apartment after I politely answer a knock on the door*. But then, what do I know? I abhor nature.

In a *Mirabella* profile of Sean Young, Bob Spitz vividly evoked the setting like this: "The landscape is in all ways breathtaking, and the prevailing sunset limns the mountaintop in a shiver of hypnotic crimson." Let's see: the landscape is not just breathtaking but in all ways breathtaking—I almost worry about Spitz and Young gasping for air at this altitude. As lustrous as the *prevailing* sunset may have been, I wish Spitz had also described the other sunsets at that hour—I mean, *there's* a story. "Limns...in a shiver of hypnotic crimson." Whenever I have limned in a shiver, it's been because I have been simply freezing while painting sap-gathering scenes in Vermont (another hobby). Maybe "washes in a shake of trance-inducing orange" would have been better. In any case, *hypnotic crimson*, like *hypnotic*

beauty, always puts me to sleep.

Jonathan Alter used an interesting metaphor in *Esquire*, describing the movie *True Colors*. "In the horse race of life [Peter Burton, played by John Cusack, is] a jockey, not a groom.... The fuel is high octane with no second thoughts." Just one question: where do you insert the nozzle?

But the man to watch for curious imagery is David Richards of *The New York Times*. Richards is the newish theater critic whose tip-tap-tappin' column, *Sunday View*, provides relief from Frank Rich's downbeat daily notices. Richards is a winsome, show-people writer who says "bless 'em" and "wiseacre" and "Jim dandy" and "Anyone who cannot sing the title number of *Cabaret* by now will go stand in the corner, please" and, in a column about the circus, "since we are talking about sadomasochism (and we are, you know)..." *Lost in Yonkers* has the "kind of set, perfect in its fashion, that gives you an ache in the lower back just from looking at it." Oh, *that* kind of set. The set of *Phantom* gave me sort of a throbbing pain in my



Illustration by Michael Witte

shoulders. "You really can't get more basic" than a one-person play, Richards wrote—"a performer, a platform, a text. Take away anything else and what do you have? A loon emoting in the street or a mime show." These alternatives seem to be redundant. Richards was at his best discussing *Miss Saigon*. That musical, he said, "puts the lovers into Cinemascope décors, wraps them in [Claude-Michel] Schönberg's lush music, and then, when their passion is white hot, throws a chain-link fence between them and exiles them to opposite ends of the globe." Unless the two lovers were individually wrapped in Mr. Schönberg's music, like slices of cheese, that chain-link fence must have hurt.

In *M inc.*, Jeff Madrick reported that after Judge Kimba Wood gave Michael Milken a ten-year sentence, "there was no audible gasp in the court. In its place, a stunned silence." Tad Friend wrote an account of the same event for *Esquire*: "Judge Wood, glancing at her notes, said, 'I sentence you to a total of ten years in prison'—there were gasps in the audience...." Hmmm. Sort of like *Rashomon*.

In *Entertainment Weekly*, Owen Gleiberman went on and on about how *A Kiss Before Dying* reminded him, oh, of the kinds of movies Hitchcock made in the mid-1960s—it was like a movie that could have been made several decades ago. Then on *CBS This Morning* Gene Siskel discussed *A Kiss Before Dying* with anchorman Harry Smith, who asked if it was based on an earlier picture. Siskel said he thought so but didn't know that film's name. I am happy to inform Gleiberman and Siskel that *A Kiss Before Dying* is a remake of the 1956 movie *A Kiss Before Dying*.

Cindy Adams, the second-string gossip columnist for the *Post*, and James Reginato, who writes for *W*, seem to have odd senses of priorities. Here is a complete paragraph from one of Adams's recent columns (the ellipses are hers): "Petrossian, the cav-

ierteria, has a new chef. Rick Laakkonen. Selected from 42 international candidates. So forget McDonald's and its new McDietburgers...Fawcett ordered a 37th printing of 'Dances With Wolves.' Two million copies in print...The USSR's top soldier, Marshal Dmitri Timofeyevich Yazov, age

68, said nyet to taking over the country's leadership." And here is an unedited paragraph from Reginato's profile of *Times* food critic Bryan Miller: "After seven years on the job, the most striking feature about Miller is his trimness. At 6-foot 1-inch, he's a lean 164 pounds. After gaining 20 pounds the first month on the job, Miller learned what had to be done. 'Craig Claiborne told me that the only way to keep [your weight] under control is to get on a scale every morning. If you

get outside a parameter of five pounds, then it's time for action.' At least three days a week, Miller runs three miles. At home, he's lately been doing 'situps with Schwarzkopf,' with his French-born wife Mireille, who dines out with him every night. Recently, the critic took several months off to recover from a brain tumor operation."

Last spring, SPY contributor Joe Queenan reviewed *Rainmaker*, by Anthony Bianco, for *The Wall Street Journal*. You may recall that the book concerned Jeffrey "Mad Dog" Beck, a flamboyant Wall Street deal-maker who played a supporting role in some major 1980s takeovers and told wild lies about his heroism in Vietnam, among other things, throughout his career. The *Journal* first identified Beck as a liar in a long story that ran a year before Bianco's book. Since Bianco didn't dispute the *Journal*'s central revelations in his book, Queenan judged *Rainmaker* harshly, concluding that the author (who had worked on the book for six years essentially in collaboration with Beck) had been fooled by Beck until the *Journal* story ran.

Peter Osnos, the powerful, infamously aggressive Random House editor responsible for *Rainmaker*, did not

take the review well. After saying the *Journal* may have libeled Bianco—in a book review?—he wrote an angry letter to the editor in which he called Queenan's conclusion "complete nonsense." Turning to my copy of *Rainmaker*, I find the following sentence: "I repeatedly press[ed Beck] for resolution of the Vietnam mystery." Did this conversation take place before Bianco read the *Journal* article, an article that resolved the Vietnam mystery rather definitively? No, the book tells us, it took place weeks later. If Bianco had known that Beck was lying early on, you'd think he would have settled these questions well before page 455, where the sentence appears. The book ends on page 458.

My head has still not quite cleared from reading Erica Jong's thoughts on Kitty Kelley in *The New York Observer*. On the one hand, "things are getting scummier and scummier here in the ink-stained precincts of Gossip City"; on the other hand, "I am happy to know that Nancy Reagan was capable of sexual yearning. Who knows whether or not penetration occurred during those long bibulous lunches..." More remarkable, though, Jong, temporarily part of the press, accuses the press of having a "narcissistic personality." The *Penguin Dictionary of Psychology* defines *narcissistic personality disorder* as follows:

A personality disorder characterized by an exaggerated sense of self-importance, a tendency to overvalue one's actual accomplishments, an exhibitionistic need for attention and admiration, a preoccupation with fantasies of success, wealth, power, esteem or ideal love...

And an irrational fear of flying.

Finally, a startling comment from Mario Cuomo when a reporter asked him about Kelley: "We're all instinctively nosy, and for some reason we're attracted to scandal. In ancient Egypt, on the walls in hieroglyphics they said nasty things about the Pharaoh and his girlfriend." As I mentioned last month, Jason Epstein compared hieroglyphics to gossip columns when he recounted his journey down the Nile in *Condé Nast Traveler*. Either Cuomo reads that magazine or Epstein has been showing his Egypt slides to everyone. ☺

**Gene Siskel
thought *A Kiss
Before Dying*
was based on an
earlier film but
didn't know
its name**

Friend of the Working Man

**Daily News Workers:
Check Your Pension
Statements Now**

by John Connolly



Robert Maxwell, for now the savior of the *Daily News*, has been enjoying the kind of media honeymoon generally accorded new presidents. Of course, history is written by winners, which means that, at least in the short run, Maxwell is perceived to be better than the Tribune Company. That may prove to be true, but if the pseudosocialist Maxwell starts playing with the *Daily News's* pension funds the way he has elsewhere, the workers at the tabloid may long for the days when they were in the clutches of the odious Charlie Brumbach.

Three years ago Maxwell purchased Macmillan Inc., the publishing conglomerate, for \$2.6 billion. In the aftermath, Maxwell very quietly formed two companies: an investment-management concern called London & Bishopsgate International (LBI) and a related brokerage called LBI Trading. The brokerage, at least 75 percent of which is owned by Maxwell, within a year accumulated assets of \$57 million, all of it from Maxwell affiliates.

Although it is in the business of investing other people's money in return for management fees, LBI doesn't deal in ordinary mutual funds or any of the other garden-variety safe-growth instruments. Instead, it pours most of its capital into "hedge funds," whose managers enjoy wide discretion about where and how to invest and, unlike mutual-fund managers, needn't report to the SEC or other regulatory authorities who'll have their performance tracked—which is perhaps

why Cap'n Bob Maxwell and his company set up a hedge fund, LBI Global Investment Partners. To participate in this hedge, an investor has to put up at least \$250,000. In exchange, the company gets to put the money into just about anything it wants, earning a management fee amounting to 1 percent of net assets annually (double the industry standard) and a performance fee of 20 percent of the profits, all without sharing in the losses.

These rates seem steep, if not outlandish, given that LBI Trading lost almost \$3 million of its money during its first nine months of operation and dropped more than \$250,000 the next year. Still, an investor can read a prospectus, and if he or she goes in with eyes open and feels like paying more than the going rate, more power to LBI. It's not like someone was forcing people to put their money into the fund, is it?

Well, in one case it was exactly like

that. LBI received millions of investment dollars from a certain pension fund the moment it opened its doors in 1989. Now, the pension fund's managers couldn't have been impressed with LBI's fees—although performance fees were not assessed, the management fee was still 0.25 percent above that of the competition. Nor could they have been impressed with the firm's nonexistent track record. What could have been the attraction? It may have had a lot to do with the fact that the pension fund was the one set up for the employees of Macmillan, which was owned by the same Robert Maxwell who owned LBI.

In April 1989, just five months after Cap'n Bob's takeover of Macmillan and two months after LBI was formed, all Macmillan employees received the following communiqué:

The Pension Management Committee has appointed London & Bishopsgate International, Inc. ("LBI") investment advisors for the Macmillan Thrift and Retirement Plan....

LBI will offer two investment strategies: the LBI Bond and Currency Investment Strategy and the LBI Global Equity Investment Strategy. These Investment Strategies will be available to Thrift and Retirement Plan participants beginning April 28. The present Citibank Fixed Income Fund and Fidelity Magellan Fund will be discontinued as investment options after April 28.

As Charles Lerner, director of pension-fund enforcement for the U.S. Department of Labor, puts it, "A fiduciary has to act with an eye singly for the participants of the [pension] plan." The transfer of pension funds for a company owned and controlled by Maxwell to a company—a brand-new, unproven company—owned and controlled by Maxwell seems on its face to risk violating that rule. Presented with a hypothetical example whose facts paralleled those given here, Lerner noted with appropriate restraint, "They may have some problems."

Of course, it may not be necessary to get all technical and hysterical about this. It may seem like a conflict, but nobody got hurt, right? In fact,


Macmillan employees have been hurt quite a lot. In the 23 months following the transfer (through the end of last March), the value of the abandoned Magellan Fund increased by 35 percent, that of the abandoned Citibank bond fund by 21 percent. LBI, it seems, didn't do as well. The value of LBI pension-fund account No. 1 went up 6.1 percent in 1989 and 10.65 percent in 1990, for a total of 17.4 percent. Account No. 2 went up by 10.5 percent in 1989, then fell

**It's not like
someone was
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into Maxwell's
fund, is it?**

13.5 percent in 1990, for a net two-year loss of 4.4 percent. It's not clear what LBI is investing in that would cause its pension funds to trail the others so badly—Macmillan employees receive quarterly statements

that do not specify the investments in their portfolios, and officials of LBI declined to be interviewed for this story. Still, it's worth noting that the account in which LBI's own money is invested has been put into such highly leveraged and risky investments as warrants and stock and index options. Given Maxwell Communications's heavy debt and hunger for cash, one has to ask how long it will be before the workers at the *Daily News* get word that *their* pension funds are being managed by LBI. On the other hand, given that LBI's attorney refused to speak to SPY after we presented him with a list of questions, it wouldn't surprise us if some major changes were in the offing—ones that might include moving Macmillan's pension fund to a neutral corner. We can't help but wonder how losing access to those savings would affect Maxwell's interest in the *News*, if, as some speculate, what attracted him in the first place was the chance to get hold of the paper's fat pension fund. ☺

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Page 2: Bob Dylan poster by Milton Glaser; Fraser/SIPA Press (Ford); David Graham/Black Star (soldier).

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The Old-Boy Network

Brave New Secret Society

Guys in Caskets Talking Dirty? Sure. Girls? No Way!

by Peter M. Stevenson



In mid-April, George Bush came across a shocking document in his morning mail, a letter informing him that something he held dear was about to undergo cataclysmic change. The letter, addressed "Most Worthy Alumni," was from the 15 Yale seniors who composed the undergraduate membership of Skull and Bones, the secret society of which Bush is a lifelong member. They were informing Bush and other old Bonesmen that, against the wishes of the Bones alumni board of directors, they had decided to "tap" seven women for the next year's class. "Keep in mind as you read that we are not acting in anger," the letter read. "We are not revolutionaries; we are simply doing what we deeply believe to be right for the Bones." The letter went on for six pages. After all, this was Yale, and "this issue is too complex for glib brevity."

Of course, if you're not George Bush or one of the other 600-odd living Bonesmen, you may not care what goes on in an organization full of superannuated adolescents. On the other hand, when you consider that among those 600 are William F. Buckley Jr.; McGeorge Bundy; Senators John Kerry, David Boren and John Chafee; and William Donaldson, the head of the New York Stock Exchange; and when you further consider the general suspicion that from their positions of power and influence Bonesmen communicate with one another and plot America's future; and when you further realize that the insurgent Bonesmen themselves saw this as a profoundly significant historical moment ("Our decision to tap women," the letter read, "is not the

result of a passing political fad *any more than the Civil Rights movement was*)—well, the spectacle of a 159-year-old organization of privileged elitists that has overcome prejudices against Jews, blacks and gays but cannot bring itself to admit women has a certain fascination.

On the day the letter was sent, the 15 undergraduate Bonesmen called the board to an emergency meeting inside the Tomb, the society's stark, windowless clubhouse on the Yale campus. This is the place where, according to legend, a newly accepted Bonesman receives a tax-free award of \$15,000 in cash; where an initiate is called upon to plunge naked into a mud pile; where members record their most intimate thoughts in a big, red book (there's reportedly one for every class but that of 1948—Bush's year); where a member is required, at one time or another, to lie naked in a coffin and masturbate while recounting his sexual history. But on that April evening, conventional propriety

was observed. The current young Bonesmen all wore their best suits, and none of the board members present—not all eight lived close enough to attend—were naked, either. The '91 Bonesmen presented the board with the letter and their politically correct hope to “derive real educational benefits from a coeducational group which shares its lives with each other down to every last detail,” thus not explicitly ruling *in* the naked-jumping and masturbation stuff but not ruling it out either. The board studied the letter and told the boys it needed some time to think.

The undergraduates then committed the fatal error of going for a walk. When they returned an hour later, they found that the padlocks on the door had been changed. They knocked. A board member poked his head out and told them that the incoming class of '92 did not exist, and if they wanted to get their things, they could make an appointment. Furthermore, the Tomb would be locked for at least the next year. The boys were stunned. One prelaw zealot immediately suggested they file suit against the board, claiming they were a corporation and were being denied access to their assets. Indeed, over the next few days, the undergraduates contacted lawyers and professors at the Yale Law School.

Why exactly were the alumni so upset with such polite, high-minded young fellows? As the young fellows put it, “We did not make a hasty choice...nor are we trying to foment a revolution.” In fact, every Bones class since the early 1980s had proposed tapping women. (Yale has always been at the PC forefront: the *Yale Daily News* refers to first-year students as *freshpersons*.) When the issue came up last winter, the board said it would poll the alumni and then make a decision. The youngsters took their case on the road, traveling to New York, Washington, Los Angeles, Chicago and Boston to express their views over

dinner to groups of 50 to 100 alums gathered in Yale Clubs and hotel banquet rooms. The Bonesmen say they found most alumni receptive.

However, when April rolled around, the board changed its mind and said that rather than make the decision itself, it would submit the coed

idea for ratification to all Bones alumni. Then, a week later, the board changed its mind again and told the undergraduates—just before Tap Night, just before they were supposed to go out and pat the elect on the shoulder and offer the traditional “Skull and Bones; do you accept?” summons with which they perpetuate their kind—that it would soon propose a coed club made up of ten men and ten women, to begin with the class of '93. The men and women would eat and debate together but

would split up when it came time to...perform the traditional rituals. Now the undergraduates were furious. They wrote their letter—“Being a part of Bones is often an embarrassment, a source of ridicule, and occasionally a good way to lose a friend. Very rarely is the Bones still seen as an honor”—and, by the authority vested in them as Bonesmen, tapped seven women, none of whom, it's worth noting, were daughters of Bones alums or members of famous families (though one was the girlfriend of a current Bonesman). Six accepted. Only Bobbie Banks-Reid, a co-moderator of the Black Student Alliance, declined.

Interestingly, the intensity of this controversy seems to be out of proportion to the club's current clout. According to one celebrated Yale alumnus, a member of another secret society who says he turned down Bones membership as an undergraduate in the 1950s, Skull and Bones was in decline when he was a lad. “Bones took all of this secret-society stuff more seriously than people at Yale were willing to take it,” he says. “In the 1950s, Bones had to tap 50 people to get 15

members. On Tap Night, the other societies would be finished and Bones would still be out there. It had been kind of the thing to do to turn down Bones. The point was always to be tapped rather than be in these things. That doesn't mean Bones didn't get three or four class leaders. But you were likely to be sharing your intimate secrets with the second-string catcher on the baseball team.”

Moreover, Bones may not even be the repository of all that juvenile fun that it's supposed to be. “Ninety percent of the rumors are total hogwash,” says one Bonesman. “There are no rituals that involve sexuality, no cash gifts. They tell stories, sing songs, have fun. It's not group therapy. And the alumni are not a network of crotchety old guys all over the country with influence.” Of course, this is just the sort of disinformation a true insider might leak, and another of his observations—“This is not an organization without a sense of humor”—is just the sort of disingenuous comment a loyalist might make about a situation that has prominently featured six-page manifestos and hastily changed locks.

The coed issue is sure to be a topic when the board and the '91 Bonesmen get together this summer for their annual gathering at the club's private retreat on Deer Island, on the St. Lawrence River (Bones is also rumored to be the state of Connecticut's largest landowner). At the time of publication, no one was commenting. When we reached the Reverend Sidney Lovett, who had been the spokesman for the board, in New Hampshire, he said with appropriate mystery, “There's no spokesperson anymore.” President Bush, who reportedly was furious when Garry Trudeau twitted him about Bones in *Doonesbury* during the 1988 election, has made no comment. And one of the undergraduate Bonesmen, observing conformity, said, “We're not allowed to talk about it.” Perhaps public silence is best. Obviously, they have taken on a daunting task: how to fashion a club that is at once traditional, lurid, juvenile, privileged, politically correct, silly and quintessentially Yale. ☛

Even in the 1950s, Bones was in decline, says a Yale alumnus: “You'd be sharing your intimate secrets with the second-string catcher on the baseball team”

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Ribbons Up to Here

How the Gulf War—
Remember the Gulf War?—Looks
from The Waffle House

by Roy Blount Jr.



I'm sitting in a Waffle House off I-95 somewhere in Virginia, lunching on a pecan waffle, scrupulously prepared, and hash browns, *au point*, and trying to decide what all those yellow ribbons across the country stand for now that the war is long over.

As our triumphant troops come home, more and more of us are wondering if we haven't caused more destruction over there than liberation. We may need to come up with new ribbons: gray ones, ribbons of ambivalence; green ones, for new notions. A use for old typewriter ribbons: black and red, ribbons of smoke and blood.

Supporters of LAPD chief Daryl Gates waved yellow ribbons outside his office this spring to encourage him not to resign after the videotape brouhaha. Can it be that yellow ribbons have come to stand for excessive force?

I'd rather not be the one to answer that. I'd rather listen to a Waffle House counterwoman chat with a man in floor-covering sales who's passing through from Athens, Georgia:

"I've gotten to where I forget things so," the salesman said.

"You have. Oooh, honey, I've forgotten more things than you have ever...than you...Lord, now I've forgotten how that expression goes."

"More things in your little finger?"

"What? Naw. More things than you've ever dreamed of. Forgetting."

I'd rather forget those ribbons! And write a Waffle House song:

Where would you live if you were a waffle?

I live at the Waffle House.

Anywhere else would be just awful
To live with my waffle spouse.

Yes, I'm Mr. Waffle & I sing all day
With my wife, Mrs. Waffle, and
the kids, who say:

"Where would you live if you were a waffle?

We live at the Waffle House.

With our dog, Woofy Waffle, and
cat, Kitty Waffle,
Who chases a waffle mouse.

"Yes, we're little Waffles and we
sing all day

With our Mom and Pop Waffle,
who proudly say:

"Where would you live if..."

However. I'm not a waffle. I'm a writer on the road, gathering material. So I'll write this lunch off on my taxes, which means 25 percent (the hash browns, roughly) is free. In this way the American system subsidizes my independence. Which it expects me to use. To figure out what those yellow ribbons stand for, now that the war is over.

In the military, lunch is free. The folks who defend our free-enterprise system live, themselves, in a welfare state. When I was in the Army, I confess, it struck me as too much like a Communist country: dictatorial leadership and infighting at the top, plenty of bureaucracy in the middle, resigned sluggishness at the worker level. As

food-service officer, I had to inspect the mess hall once every fiscal quarter.

"This is awful," I would say of the fried pickle-and-pimiento loaf.

"Well," the mess sergeant would answer, "but I been up 48 hours, they won't gimme no assistant cooks I got slots for, our 38-11 forms on this chicken post is superseded, them peaches the commissary dumped on me was bad, Honea won't get out of bed, the colonel ain't backing me up, and the troops stolen my glasses."

Another way you can get free lunch in America is through a corporate expense account. The *Times* reports that New York's restaurant business is now threatened not only by expense-account cutbacks but also by people's reluctance to dine lavishly when friends have been laid off. "We had the good times and now we're deep in guilty times," one restaurateur said.

But another *Times* story blames the recession on "a case of nerves [that] seems to have started when the Persian Gulf crisis last August shook Americans' confidence in prospects for business and jobs." Then came Desert Storm, and "now that confidence has come roaring back, signs are that an economic recovery is not far behind."

Forget that the recession started before the Gulf crisis. It's more dynamic to blame Saddam Hussein, and feel we owe it to ourselves to continue taking inspiration from those yellow ribbons. How can we afford not to? Ignore economic pressure (as we showed Hussein), and it's the fire next time. If the roar of our confidence has killed thousands, and deprived 4 million in Baghdad of electricity and sewers, and encouraged freedom-seeking Kurds to rise up and be smashed—well, good for all of us who don't live there.

Anyway, most of us. For instance, four out of five American children don't live in poverty.

Thank God there's room in our system for lunch and guilt—here's one man's opinion of what those ribbons of devastating triumph stand for now: the side our bread is buttered on. ■

Little Mort, Happy at Last In Which Our Protagonist, an Insecure Former Canadian With a Lot of Money, Gets to Stand Near a Big, Important War Hero at a Big, Important Washington Party



I. Mort Zuckerman, real estate baron turned pro-dictator pundit, at the White House Correspondents' Dinner. His mission: to get rid of Pat Schroeder and *engage in serious global-policy conversation* with General Norman Schwarzkopf.



II. Schroeder expertly dispensed with, Zuckerman's moment is preempted by the approach of a politically active Hollywood actor, Ron Silver. Always eager to appear bigger than he is, Zuckerman tries to smile gamely.



III. A tête-à-tête with the general at last? No! Zuckerman's important Middle Eastern-affairs chat will have to wait: improbably dark-haired pseudosocialist newspaper tycoon Robert Maxwell has just hovered into view.



IV. Hey, Mort, that's a clip-on, right? Foiled again! This time by Mephistophelian politico Roger Ailes, entertaining the general and Democratic national chairman Ron Brown with his yank-on-the-little-guy's-bow-tie trick.

Party POOP

At a New York Public Library cocktail party, former writer Fran Lebowitz sits one out, apparently suffering from a bout of talker's block.



Child-size LBO shaman Henry Kravis is lost in thought as he contemplates a firm, round object.



"What the Juddster means to say is..." Backstage at an Off-Broadway play, Justine Bateman presumably makes excuses for her tightly wound friend Judd Nelson.

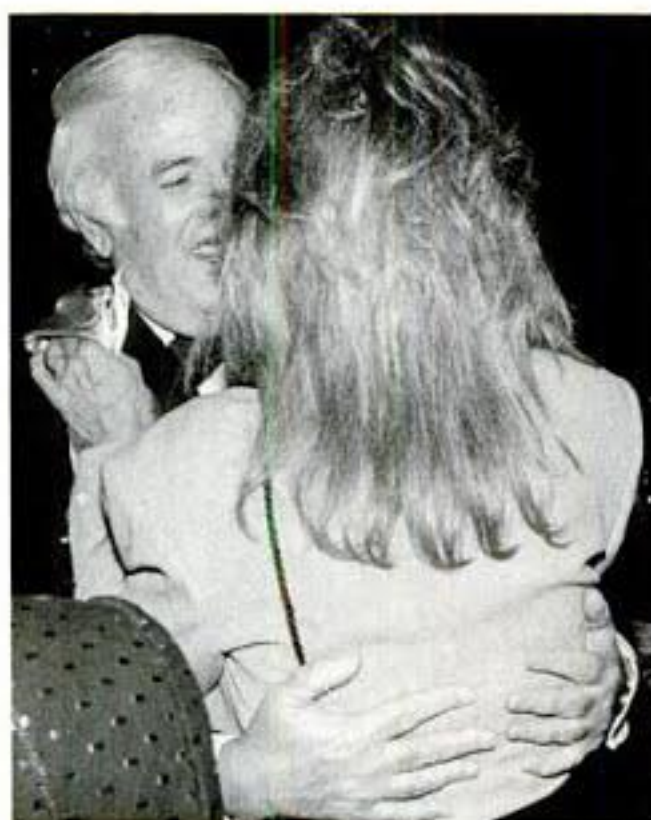


"We are heading for the men's room, honey. Just keep your eyes closed a few more minutes." At a recent gala, Gayfryd Steinberg apparently pilots husband Saul past the dessert table.

Renaissance Man First a personal fragrance, and now this! Julio Iglesias wows fans at L.A.'s Wherehouse record store by signing autographs while holding a CD box in his teeth.



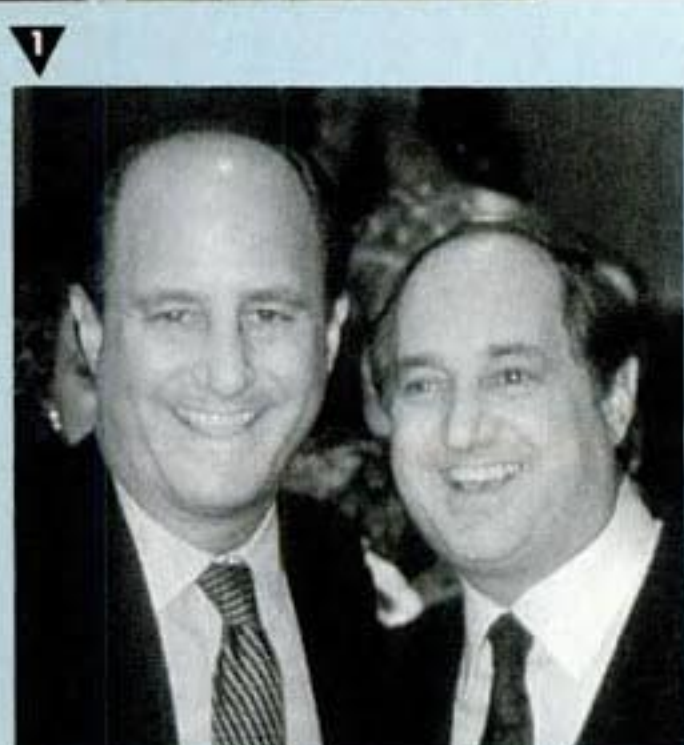
It's kind of like gravity—*only wacky!* It's the Lewis Effect, and it's a completely involuntary contortion of facial features that strikes any bystander who enters Jerry Lewis's force field.



Body Block Reluctantly withstanding a full-bore embrace from her fiancé's friend Steve Ross, Jane Fonda makes sure to keep her elbows in front of her.



At a fundraiser for the Venice Family Clinic honoring long-time supporter Dudley Moore, the actor's normal-size wife, Brogan Lane, takes advantage of a rare opportunity to kiss her husband without stooping.



"Separated at Birth?" Live (1) Castrato-esque balladeer Neil Sedaka and henpecked billionaire Ron Perelman at the New York Helmsley Hotel. (2) At a salute to Robert De Niro, overpaid society ombudswoman Liz Smith delights in the company of her dress-alike date and doppelgänger, Alexander Cohen.



In preparation for the publicity tour for her forthcoming tell-all book about her family, LaToya Jackson practices expressions that she hopes will ensure that fans won't mistake her for her brother Michael.

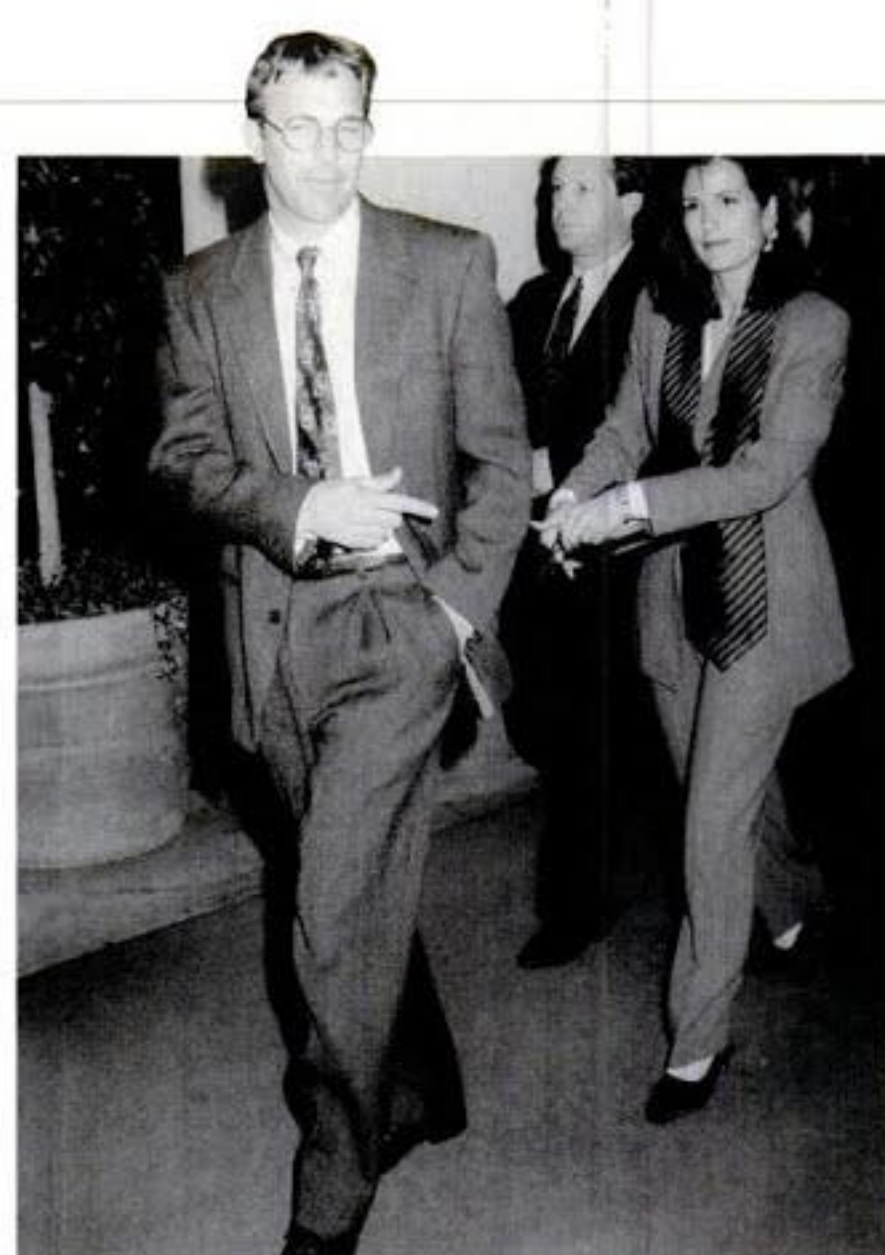




Who Forgot to Wax His Bikini Line? Robin Leach, wearing a psychedelic thong, demonstrates that the risks posed by excessive exposure to the sun and medical waste are not the only compelling reasons to stay away from beaches.



(1) Goldie Hawn, every inch a star in acid-washed jeans, smiles brightly for photographers at the Deauville Film Festival as a squad of handlers keeps pesky little people at bay. And (2) at the Spirit Awards in L.A., writer-director-actor-auteur Kevin Costner casually directs his wife and agent Mike Ovitz to keep a properly respectful distance.



Warhol golddigger Bob Colacello tries out his new, superswarthy Fred Flintstone look with some distinguished gentlemen friends (that's R.O.M.E. heavy George Wayne in the fluorescent dickey) at Limelight.



There isn't room enough for two tough, blond food-and-beverage-industry harridans in one picture—or so Martha Stewart seems to be hissing from behind her program at The Plaza's March of Dimes Gourmet Gala.



Who Says the Eighties Are Over? What's a nice, talented young actor like Matthew Modine doing spending so much time with pointless socialites such as Blaine "the Pretty One" Trump and oilwife Lynn Wyatt?

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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-0591
(INCLUDES FILE #JE6-591.1 OF GHWB "EDPREZ 92: OPERATION PC EXPERIENCE")

<DRIVE NOT READY> <DRIVE NOT READY> Goddamn thisx thing <DATA ERROR> Gofdammit
<DATA ERROR> <DATA ERROR> <DATA ERROR> Steady.

Okay. Dear IBM PS/2: Hate ya. H-a-te. YA. !!!! Rather use the typewriter,
with gthat blue paper that I love with The Presidential Seal on it. Or even the
Dictaphone, that I was even g etting used to when all of a, sudenly somebody
decided--that outxxxxx our bold initiative on education needs some kinda
h uman intrest thing. and so here Iam typing ()! at some darn screen when
outside the bonefish are jumping' <READ ERROR> Whoopsx. HEck with this,
wqhere's thatg Dicta <ERROR WRITING TO DISK> <ERROR WRITING TO DISK> <ERROR
WRITING TO DISK> <ERROR WRITING TO DISK>

Gotcha. Dear--thank God. Dear Dictaphone. Gee whiz, that computer idea, so
darn dumb. Wonder if--nah--wonder if it was Ed Rogers that came up with that.
Not a lot of good news out of Ed these days. He's good at carrying Sununu's
cell phone on and off the C-20's, those times that John wants to fly someplace
to get an honorary degree or a can of diet Pepsi or whatever. Good at that.
But when Ed gets on to leak tracking--big problemo. Gets a little too fanatic,
ratting, tries to get people canned. That's what Bar tells me. And I had to
lean on him, and I hate to do that, but hate that divisionary stuff even
more--whisper, whisper, accuse, accuse. Know he wants poor Atwater's job, run
the show in '92, maybe he oughtta--for the Democrats. And--heh heh--take
Sununu with him. Ease our path--tell ya that.

Feel better. Thought they were from jogging--those fibrillationings--and the
stress from that other thing, that Paris thing, that awful accusation that I
will not ever discuss, and anyway, it all happened eleven years ago--but it
wasn't from that. Had to be from Schwarzenegger, couple days before that--
Fitness Day, and Arnold was here, with the barbells and tennis and the
stairwell machine, all that stuff that I tried. And--whoa, just realizing
now!--when Bar went into that tree, who was with her sledding? And what family
did he marry into? Heck, you can't even talk to one of those people without an
ambulance getting into the story.

(And boy, Rogich wasn't too happy with the hospitalization photo-op-wise for
'92--not a lot of super footage for commercials in it for Sig, me in pajamas
and all those tubes. And when he does get something set up, grandkids on my
lap, warmth, who butts in but Sununu?)

Tell ya what the big campaign issue isn't gonna be, and that is Kurds. In
terms of that, of being in a nonanticipatory mode with regard to their flight,
of opinion polls that are dictating policy, et cetera--well, bull-doo-doo. We
were right in there, in that terrible catastrophe that Saddam did, right in
there with lots of 100 percent humanitarian action. Operation--what was it?--
Operation Throw 'Em a Cushion . . . no, Operation Provide Comfort. So I simply
don't accept that.

But you want to talk tragedy? This whole Skull and Bones mess makes me just
sick. Gosh, now I guess I have to leave the r . . .
What the--? I'm awake! I--stop hitting me, Bar, I just had my eyes closed.

GHWB:gk
May 1991

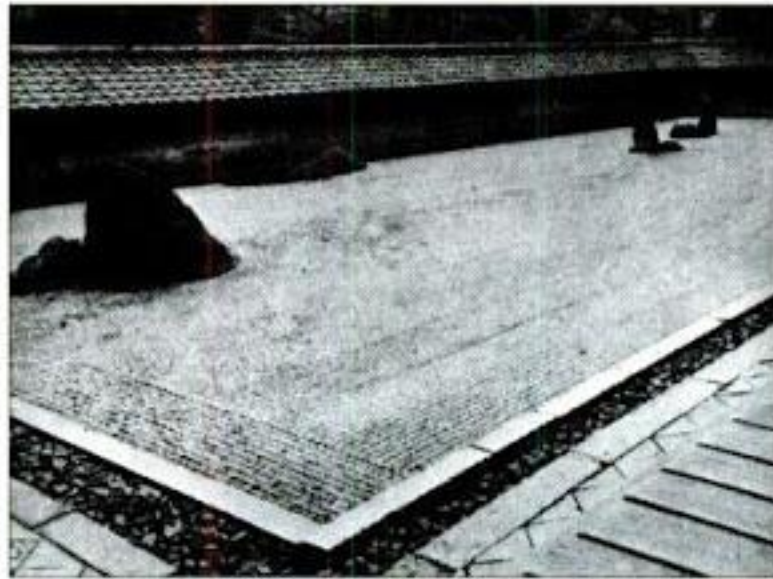
INSPIRING ROCK GROUPS

BRITISH VERSION



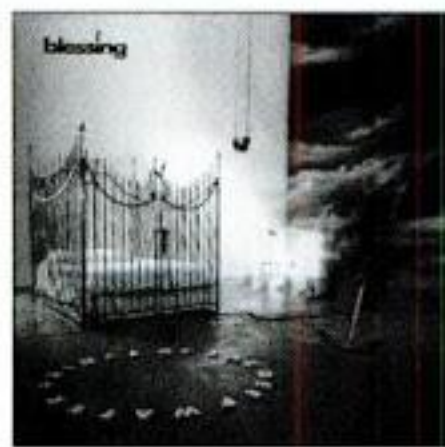
Stonehenge

JAPANESE VERSION



Ryoanji Gardens

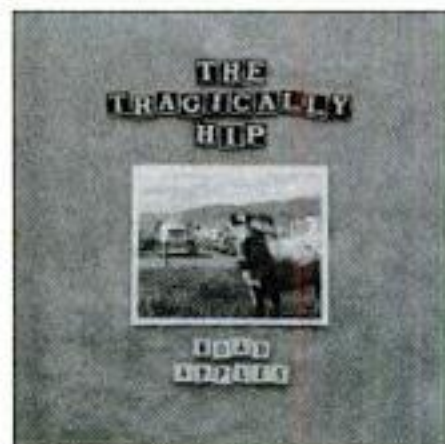
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